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Saturday Review

An Editorial

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS OCTOBER 20, 1951

Katherine Mansfield—"fascinating blend of mystery, tragedy, romance." *(Page 9)*

Hero of the Great Know-How

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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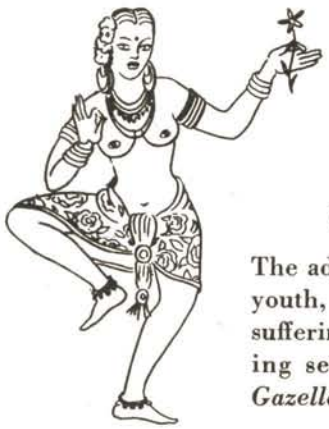

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This Week

October 20, 1951

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 42, October 20, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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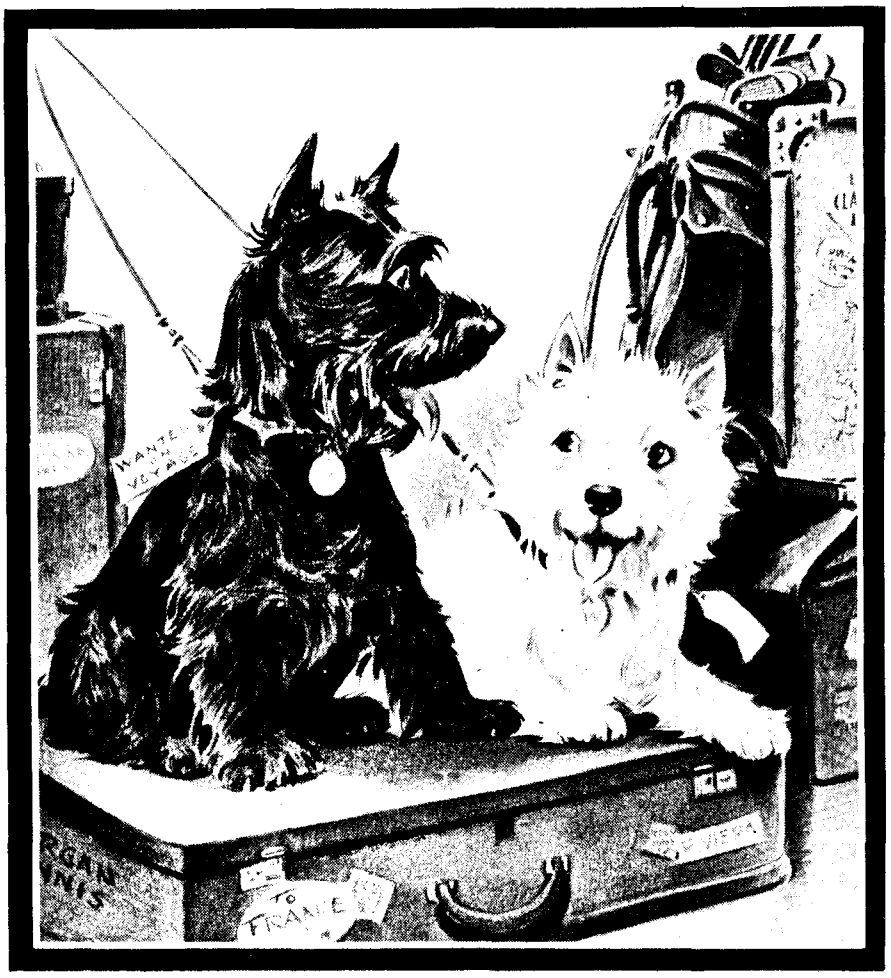
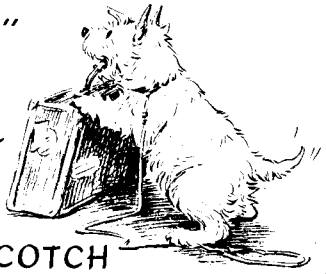


Here we go Again!

"THE WORLD IS FULL OF WONDERFUL THINGS, WHITEY!"



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THE TENSE AND brooding air of exotic mystery and romance always a part of the Indian political picture has not been easily dispelled by the great democratic strides of the past few years. "The people of India are still trying to complete their liberation," wrote Norman Cousins in the *Saturday Review of Literature* last April, "Now they are in search of a champion."

MAHARAJAH is a novel about that search for a champion in a remote little principality of Northern India, still ruled by an independent Maharajah. It is a story of forces striving to rend the ancient Indian social fabric in an orgy of civil and religious warfare, and all the equally strong new drives that not only hold Indian society together but move it forward towards greater democracy.

How the royal family faces this tide of popular unrest is Richard Cargoe's story. The novel begins the night the Maharajah's daughter returns home from an American education. A terrorist is loose in the flamboyant palace garden that evening, working craftily to thrust the royal family and the whole community into a nightmare of fear. Miles away in a filthy hut, his beautiful co-conspirator lies unattended, dying of cholera. Before long, Hindu and Moslem are rioting wildly in the streets—and the Maharajah's son, with Eastern body and Western mind, waits in fear in the burning palace by the side of a lovely English girl. He feels a force of evil crouched quietly—like the tiger in his palace zoo—ready to explode into deadly action. This novel, with all its sinister implications, is an extraordinary and unforgettable reading adventure.

Maharajah

By RICHARD CARGOE

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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

Cleveland and New York

TRADE Winds

DISCOVERED: A BIGWIG in the radio and television world who is deeply interested in promoting the cause of good books! His name is Carl Haverlin, and he is the president of Broadcast Music, Inc. His proposal to an American Library Association luncheon is to have one hundred top reviewers from coast to coast each discuss a great classic that will appeal to the twelve- to

sixteen-year-old group. The proposal is actually about to be put into operation. Each review will be designed to read as though the book has just been published. Broadcast Music not only is paying for the reviews, but distributing the recordings gratis to every radio station in the country, suggesting that the station contact the local library for cooperation in presenting the program to best advantage. "Maybe," suggests Mr. Haverlin, "the libraries will repay us in 1995 or thereabouts. By then there will be ideal libraries with foam-rubber chairs, illuminated walls, air-conditioned reference rooms, limitlessly expanding shelves, push-button selection, automatic stamping and entering, and self-regenerating books so that none need be returned. By this time, too, the national average time devoted to daily reading will be four hours, twenty-two minutes. Out may step an ideal librarian to beg the vast reading multitude—in memory of a man who in 1951 did something nice for books—to curl up for ten minutes a day with some deserving, but neglected, radio or TV program!"

SPEAKING OF TELEVISION — Billy Rose's report on the industry to NBC, which I had an opportunity to examine, struck a new note for documents of this sort. Not only was it explicit and to the point, but Billy even dared a pertinent wisecrack here and there among the statistics. Wall Street, which has been shining up to "the man in the street" in recent years, might well engage a man like Rose to interpret financial reports of all listed corporations for the lay public. A special bonus to a company's directors surely would go down better with non-dividend-receiving stockholders if a bright new anecdote was included in the explanation. . . . A Dallas station is peppering its schedule with musical offerings far above the average. Its pitch is "Most radio time is devoted these days to first-grade soap operas and first-grade comedians. But we think a lot of Dallas listeners have graduated from the first grade by now." Hear, hear! . . . Reported by short wave direct from Israel: A grizzled resident of Tel-Aviv, fed up with food and housing shortages and other hardships, grumbled, "When the English finally decided to give us a country that didn't belong to them, why didn't they give us Switzerland?". . .

TAYLOR CALDWELL'S NEXT NOVEL, due early in 1952, will appear under the imprint of Crown. It is called "The Devil's Advocate" and gives a frightening picture of America under a mythical military dictatorship twenty years hence. . . . There's nothing mythical about the dictatorship described graphically in Fleur Cowles's forthcoming "Bloody Precedent." It's the story of the Perons—and a previous Argentinian régime they used as a blueprint. Evita's pretty ears get pinned back as they never have in print before. . . . Two former book editors turn author for Doubleday this fall: Mary Carter Roberts, formerly of *The Washington Star,* has written her first novel, "The Abbot Sisters," and ebullient George Fuermann, one of the Southwest's leading columnists, contributes "Houston: Land of the Big Rich." The Doubledaybutante who called for George's manuscript exclaimed, "You a Texan! You're not even six foot three." "Hell, lady," quoth George, "I was born in Buffalo."

. . . Stravon Publishers plan a new juvenile series about great artists, illustrated in color, to retail at only a dollar each. Volumes on Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Van Gogh are due this fall; Rubens, Titian, Cézanne, and Renoir come later. Sounds like a fine idea! . . . Harry

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Abrams's series of beautiful art books for adults, begun auspiciously last year with books on Renoir, Van Gogh, and El Greco, will be expanded this season to include Degas and Art Treasures of the Louvre . . .

ALFRED NOBEL, THE SWEDISH MUNITIONS manufacturer, who fifty years ago decided to give a good part of his millions to the causes of art and international good will, is the subject of an interesting book just edited by the Nobel Foundation and published by the University of Oklahoma Press. The very first Nobel Prize for Literature got the awards committee into hot water; instead of the obvious choice of Tolstoy for "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," the nod was given to a French writer now all but forgotten, one René François Sully Prudhomme. Subsequent awards caused even greater anguish, sometimes resulting in protracted lawsuits and even threats of war. The committee on literature reserves one spacious vault for "invalid nominations made all over the world by writers who nominate themselves, or by wives of authors who enthusiastically propose their own husbands. This bizarre and tragi-comic collection is stored deep in the academy's files and left there in kind oblivion" . . .

THE BEST WAY TO READ A WHODUNIT, avers Miss Maureen Duschene, of Biloxi, is to begin it plumb in the middle. "Doubles the suspense," she explains. "You have to dope out not only how it's going to end, but how it began." . . . To a Southern printing plant involved in a prolonged wage dispute arrived unbidden a manufacturer of the old school who thundered, "Only one way to handle labor in this state, gentlemen. If they work: pay 'em. If they don't: don't." . . . In the French Quarter of New Orleans, writes Albert Goldstein of the *Times Picayune*, there's a little bistro called Dante's Inferno. The sign above the entrance boasts "Dante's Inferno — Air Conditioned." . . . An author preparing an article on censorship unearthed the following interesting facts: In 1885 Concord, Massachusetts, hometown of Thoreau, banned "Huc-

kleberry Finn" as "trash suitable only for the slums." In 1929 Russia blacklisted Sherlock Holmes for his "dis-

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Foreword by Sacheverell Sitwell

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SCRIBNERS

graceful occultism and spiritualism." In 1931 China banned "Alice in Wonderland" on the ground that "animals should not use human language" and that it was "disastrous to put animals and human beings on the same level." . . .

M. M. MUSSELMAN PAUSED AT PAGE 250 of his work-in-progress, "Second Honeymoon" (to be published by Crowell in the spring), to recall the time he was working on a purported biography of Chopin and Madame Sand for Columbia Pictures. Nobody could think of a title that would suggest hot stuff on the marquee, so a prize of $100 was offered to the employee who could dream one up. A hundred bucks looked mighty big to studio workers in those days — particularly at Columbia — and proposed titles flowed more freely than press releases from Wald and Krasna. Everybody thought that "Sand, You Cut the Pants Too Short" and "Chopinese Sand Man" struck just the right notes, but unimaginative studio heads selected the more innocuous "A Time to Remember." . . . Louis Mautner reports that an interior decorator in Los Angeles has come up with a room with pale blue walls, a pink davenport, a yellow chair, and a gray rug. It's called "Remembrance of Things Pastel." . . . Leslie Young's butcher returned to his shop after a summer of drinking the waters at a German spa and sighed, "I've gone from Bad to wurst." . . . And Emmet Dedmon tells about a traveler who was selling his list to a bookstore proprietor in the deep, deep South. "Our next novel," said the salesman with an apologetic cough, "deals with the problem of — er, incest." "That's the trouble with you Yankees," snapped the bookseller. "You make a problem out of everything."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 916)

*GRANTLAND RICE:
CASEY'S REVENGE

Above the fence in center field in rapid whirling flight
The sphere sailed on—the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight;
Ten thousand hats were thrown in air—†as many threw a fit—
(But) No one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit.

*The whole poem and confirmation of the ball players whose names I have used can be found in "The Official Encyclopedia, 1951, Jubilee Edition."

†"Ten thousand" in the text made the stanza too long for the space—so I substituted "as many."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Hero of the Great Know-How

Mark Twain's Machine-Age "Yankee"

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

—Arni.
Henry Seidel Canby

NEXT TO "Tom Sawyer" Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" was for a while (and in the time of my youth) one of a half-dozen most famous books in the English-speaking world. Published in 1889, it has gone down in critical estimation as fast as "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" has come up. Bernard De Voto, in his recent volume in The Viking Portable Library Series, abbreviates it heavily, although in his preface he says that it contains some of the best as well as some of the worst in Mark Twain, and elsewhere describes it as the last of Mark's books of the first rank. Its taste, indeed, is often worse than a barker's in a circus side show. What lover of Twain has not tried to forget those shameful knights, cursed of chivalry, who ride about the kingdom like Fuller Brush men advertising tooth paste? It is not a parody of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," which was one of Twain's favorite books. It is not a satire based on Tennyson's too noble Arthur. It is a burlesque which dirties the idea of chivalry.

Twain attacked the processes of representative government in "The Gilded Age" with a fierce humor, fierce because in Congress he could see how men of sawdust and solder could make a democratic-republican government a corruption and an absurdity. Yet, like Whitman, he never lost faith in the ideas and the ideals of democracy. Chivalry and feudalism he never understood as necessities for their time —which is strange since he grew up within touching distance of their last stand in the English-speaking world, the old South. Colonel Grangerford, that champion of feudist honor, he could admire, yet only because his absurdity as a sentimental fire-eater made him too pathetic to be dangerous. Yet King Arthur, I should say (Mark says he has seen him on the Mississippi), is studied from a *good* slaveholder. Arthur is lovable and truly noble on his own plane, but roaring in astonishment when his privileges are denied. Then he becomes a kind of stupid dinosaur heedlessly trampling common men into the mud. And in Mark's book the Knights of the Round Table and the dirty, superstitious monks become offensive obstacles to progress. No wonder his British readers were shocked and wished that he had not written the book.

Mark had no idea whatsoever of the inner ideals or the outer responsibilities of feudalism, as, for example, his fellow American Henry Adams was to describe them twenty years later in "Mont St. Michel and Chartres." His contrast is between a purely literary and romantic version of certain ideas and actions described in the "Morte d'Arthur" and what he himself decided, and not always wrongly, the resulting medieval society must have been like.

In this society (say of the twelfth to thirteenth century—not, of course, Arthur's sub-Roman sixth century) only two elements are reasonably accurate: the state of the peasant (the French, however, rather than the English, peasant) and the predatory greed and blood of the knights. The Church is false, except in its baser aspects. The simple-hearted rulers, such as Arthur, are, historically, nonsense. The contrast, therefore, is between a burlesque of feudal institutions and democratic-republicanism as one found it in Connecticut. The book belongs with "Gulliver's Travels" and Butler's "Erewhon" and should so be read. Nevertheless, its philosophy is at least 50

This article is drawn from Dr. Canby's "Turn East, Turn West," a study in Plutarch style of Henry James and Mark Twain, to be published early next month by Houghton Mifflin Co.

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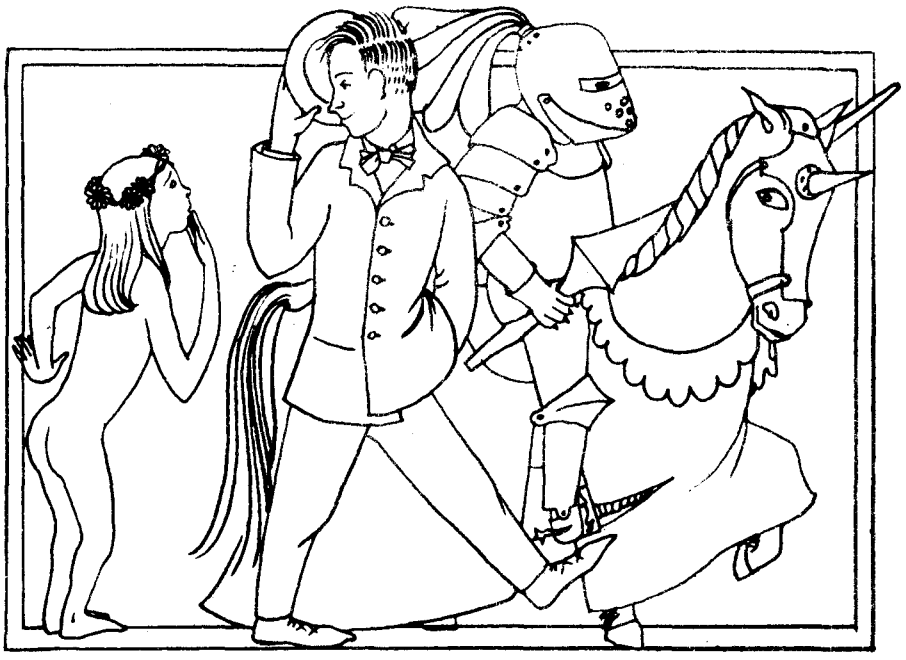

—Illustrations from "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." (The Heritage Press).

per cent right—and 100 per cent in its emphasis upon the importance of soap and the absurdity of fighting except as a sport.

And yet my generation of young Americans read the "Yankee" with passionate delight. And not merely because we thought some of the episodes the funniest ever written. Perhaps they were, and we have just got a little too sophisticated for the horseplay of a fireworks show pretending to be a miracle. It is Huck's subtler unconscious humor that goes so much deeper that still makes us laugh. And yet, even though lassoing a panoplied knight made even us squirm a little, there was something in the story that warmed our hearts and flattered us to the depths of our being. That is what I wish to try to explain.

MARK did not intend to write this kind of book. He planned merely to illustrate his own ideas of progress, with no sneering, no absurd burlesque of great figures of the imagination. Here is what he said while the book was just begun to "Mother Fairbanks," his friend of *The Quaker City*, a journalist like himself. Dixon Wecter published his letters to her in 1949.

HARTFORD, Nov. 16, 1886.

The story isn't a satire peculiarly, it is more especially a *contrast*. It merely exhibits under high lights, the daily life of the time & that of today; & necessarily the bringing them into this immediate juxtaposition emphasizes the salients of both. . . . Of course in my story I shall leave unsmirched and unbelittled the great & beautiful *characters* drawn by the master hand of old Malory (if he drew them—at any rate he gave them to *us*)—I am only after the *life* of that day, that is all, to picture it; to try to get into it; to see how it feels and seems. I shall hope that under my hand Sir Galahad will still remain the divinest specter that one glimpses among the mists & twilights of Dreamland across the wastes of the centuries; & Arthur keep his sweetness & his purity, and Launcelot abide and continue "the kindest man that ever strake the sword, yet the sternest knight to his mortal foe that ever put spear in rest"; & I shall grieve indeed if the final disruption of the Round Table & the extinction of its old tender & gracious friendships, & that last battle—the Battle of the Broken Hearts, it might be called—should lose their pathos & their tears through my handling.

Well, he could not write it that way, and if he had been Henry James he would have known it. In "The Prince and the Pauper," which was a preliminary workout for the archaisms of the "Yankee," and so kept sweet and calm for Olivia and the children for whom he wrote it, the shrewd Howells detected a "bottom of fury." After the first few chapters of which he wrote Mrs. Fairbanks, the fury began to break the crust of humorous contrast in the "Yankee." Arthur stays at least noble, Launcelot devoted and courageous, the humor of modern man in case armor, and science vs. magic, remain. But the opportunity to see the "damned human race" in one of its noblest fancies, slaughtering, exploiting, in the name of courtesy and for the benefit of a stupid elite, is too tempting. He strikes at the present by destroying as far as he can the illusions of the past. Does it by a furious humor rather than by a furious satire. For he wanted to be read.

If this were all, there would be little more to say of this once so famous story except in praise and criticism of this outburst of economic humanitarianism. On the contrary, there is another and entirely unexpected element in this story, new for Mark, new in literature, prophetic in history, ominous in its philosophy. And it is this which far transcends in interest a mere contrast of new and old. A new man appears in the "Yankee," called by everyone the Boss, for it was as a boss that he worked in an arms factory in Hartford until in a fight one of his workmen banged his head in—and he woke up in the Middle Ages. The Boss as a workman had learned to make anything a body wanted, and if there wasn't any quick, new-fangled way to make a thing, he could invent one, and do it as easy as rolling off a log. His father was a blacksmith, his uncle was a horse doctor, and he was a mixture of both. The Boss is, of course, Tom Sawyer grown up part way and thoroughly satisfying his desire to show off. Note the kingdom he proposed to make when he got round to it, precisely in the Tom Sawyer manner. He is Huck in his ingenuity only, with the technique of a machinist substituted for the skills of the river. It is the Yankee himself that explained much of our passionate interest in the book.

He had fallen through the Time Machine by a device common to many writers of fantasy into a world familiar to him only by legendary literature. There he was at first regarded only as another product of some wizard's enchantment. Actually, however, this skilled mechanic from a mechanized world and a materialistic society of infinite tool-making skill is a far stranger creature in these Middle Ages than would be a devil or angel, and more powerful. Soon they are calling him the Boss, and rightly. For every problem, every danger, in this naive age of Europe, except morals, he had one only, but sufficient answer: applied science. To the simplicities of the Age of Faith he offered his rather naive, but powerful simplicity. Give the poor peasants, exploited like cattle, the tools they need. Give them self-respect and the idea of equality. Do it by a decent currency and machines to increase production, by laws to secure their gains, by weapons to defend themselves against tyrants, by knowledge of science to defeat superstition. Give them everything that the American workman had in Connecticut and presto! dark ages become light. Destroy the prestige of the clergy by a few scientific miracles, break up the charges of those human tanks, the knights, by precision gunfire and a de-

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Belles-Lettres. *In the small circle of distinguished writers whose careers were as fascinating as the stories they wrote must be counted Katherine Mansfield. The facts of her illness-haunted life—her birth in New Zealand in 1888; her removal to England in 1908; her disastrous first marriage; her alliance, both literary and marital, with the prominent editor John Middleton Murry; and her death at the mysterious Gurdjieff Institute near Fontainebleau in 1923—are now as familiar to the reading public as her remarkable and influential short stories. Miss Mansfield disclosed her own story eloquently in her "Journal," her "Letters," and her "Scrapbook," all edited by Murry. Another volume of "Letters," covering the years 1913 to 1922 and illuminating her life and art further, has just been published (see below) . . . Unlike Miss Mansfield, Dr. William Carlos Williams wrote for years before attaining wide recognition; his fame is now at flood tide. His "Autobiography" (see page 10), though not a great work, offers a fair measure of him as man and artist.*

Revisions in a Portrait

KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S LETTERS TO JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY, 1913-1922. Edited by John Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 701 pp. $6.50.

By PAUL DINKINS

MORE THAN once in writing these letters Katherine Mansfield suggested to Murry that he burn them. He ignored the suggestions, of course, as perhaps she intended he should; and whether or no, they are public property now, for reading by us to whom they were not written.

This comes about through a decision that Murry could not have easily made. No one questions now his rightness in publishing the stories and fragments that remained, for Katherine Mansfield's place in the formal literary history of this century is established, and not a minor one. But when we think of her it is seldom solely in these formal terms. Not in any formal terms at all, but as of someone—a person—actually known.

That the situation would be fraught with hazards Murry must have realized at the start. By publishing Katherine Mansfield's private writings he exposed a serious and important artist, one with a passionate concern for truth, to all the perils and ambiguities of becoming a personal myth. Since the publication of the "Journal" and the earlier "Letters" she has been a figure to a high degree provocative of interest and curiosity. Readers all over the world have found her life story a fascinating blend of mystery, tragedy, and romance. Hence there has come to exist — quite apart from the critical treatments of the stories — a considerable body of biographical lore. Much of it has been sentimental, basically false. None of it has been sufficiently grounded on facts. For not until now, with the publication of these new letters (which supplement but do not supersede the other collection), have the necessary facts been made available.

If for no other than obvious biographical reasons it is right they should be published. Having gone so far, Murry was obliged to go farther. If we were to know Katherine Mansfield at all, then we must know her as she was. Finally that is possible. Now there will have to be some revisions in what had come to be virtually the Official Portrait — the exquisite being who was all yearning and spirit, Art's darling priestess. The Katherine Mansfield revealed in these unexpurgated letters is surpassingly human and infinitely more interesting than the abstraction she replaces. Much of the mystery is now dispelled; but the tragedy becomes high human tragedy, the romance real, not "literary," romance.

There has been a good deal of dreamy speculation as to whether she really loved Murry. While we now have the clear evidence that she did, we may also see something of the nearly insuperable difficulties of their life together. For quite understandable reasons Murry has been slow to disclose the fact that throughout the initial years of their union K. M. was still legally married to another man. The letters published earlier reveal nothing of the perpetual strains of this irregularity — the family antagonisms, humiliating subterfuge. Also deleted from them were most of the evidence of her violently ambivalent attitude towards her devoted friend and in later years nurse, Ida Baker, for whom she often felt positively murderous hatred. We see these things now, along with the fearsome black despairs, hypersensitivity, fits of unreasonableness — perhaps the pathology of genius and disease.

There are still unlighted stretches. One would know more, for example, of her adventure with Francis Carco, whose merciless portrait of her in his novel "Les Innocents" contains so much that is surely drawn from life. But the essential Katherine Mansfield is here, as no biographer will ever be able to create her.

It must be stressed, though, that this book's primary value lies outside technical biography. Willa Cather was referring specifically to Katherine Mansfield when she observed that the peculiar quality of a first-rate writer can never be defined, only experienced. That is as true of these confessional writings as of the stories. They occupy a position somewhere between document and work of art; which makes our response to them almost continuously dual, though not discrete. In these seven hundred pages there is perforce some attention to matters (chiefly financial) that hardly interest us. Some readers may even find the love declarations tiring, however fitting in context. But little is routine. And as one of K. M.'s servants — the old char she immortalized as "Ma Parker" — once said to her: "Oh, Miss, you do make the work go easy!"

What truly abounds is vivid recreation of experience. Katherine Mansfield is frequently (and justly) compared to Chekhov. She may validly be compared to Dickens; for no other English writer comes closer to his art of "catching" people forever in a few phrases, or his infallible sense of the comic. There are many charac-

Paul Dinkins, professor of English at Texas Christian University, is engaged on a study of the works of Katherine Mansfield.

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ter-bits here which equal the finest level of the stories. She has a superb faculty for conveying a sense of place. Her descriptions of wartime Paris, for instance, have an immediacy and poignancy that owe everything to her natural intoxication with surfaces — a living quality that conscious and informed reportage would be sure to miss.

There is so much else that should be mentioned — her gay and dependable humor, always saving her at the last minute from self-pity or solemnity; her incisive judgments of modern writers (Eliot, Pound, Proust, many more); her absolutely ruthless criticism of her own work. And perhaps above all her great courage (the courage of the frightened, as someone said) and her absolute faith in the power of love.

Murry's simple, straightforward commentary is never more impressive than in the final and profoundly crucial section. When Katherine Mansfield's personal revolution sent her inexorably to the Gurdjieff Institute, she had to go alone. On the slab that marks her grave at Fontainebleau are the words that may serve as epigraph to the story of her life: *But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.* Much that is specious or merely enterprising is being cried these days in the bookmarkets. Here is something rare and real, a book that will last. For its classic offering is a sense of the tragedy and beauty of experience, of the community and continuity of life, which among the arts literature is uniquely empowered to give.

Memoirs of a Doctor-Poet

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. By William Carlos Williams. New York: Random House. 402 pp. $3.75.

By Matthew Josephson

THE MEMOIRS of the inimitable family doctor and poet of Rutherford, New Jersey, range widely in time from impressions of the arty set at the University of Pennsylvania in 1903 to those of personages figuring in the latest *avant-garde* reviews, just arrived from Paris, Rome, or Bleecker Street. You begin with Ezra Pound as an uncomfortable and sulking sophomore and William Butler Yeats in spruce middle age; you end up half a century later among the slender saplings of *New Directions*. Along the way there is the excitement of the historic Armory Show of 1913 with its Post-Impressionists and Cubist painters; there are the Imagists of the "poetry Renaissance"; the "Others" group, including Wallace Stevens; the *Little Review* and its unrestrained experimenters; *Contact*, featuring mainly Williams himself; and of course, Paris, with its "expatriates," who weren't really that; and the whole "springtime of the little magazines." In addition there are galleries of wonderful minor characters, bohemians, anarchists, panhandlers, who were eternally on the verge of writing another "Ulysses" (after James Joyce), now unjustly forgotten. Thus it is a literary banquet of no mean proportions Dr. Williams offers; and here, as always in his later writings, literature is interlarded with thick slices-of-life —served very rare—American life as observed by a keen-eyed obstetrician in the dreary industrial slums of New Jersey. To Williams the environs of Paterson were the chosen native ground of which he was to sing; he himself was the son of transplanted English and West Indian parents.

Williams is an excellent physician by reason of the same qualities that have made him a good poet: imagination, independence of mind, quickness of eye and hand. Though he turned out poetry in gushers from boyhood on, he vowed that he would never seek to earn money with his pen, but would live by some other calling rather than by the low shifts of professional and "commercial" writers. Some of his best lines were written in the hours of waiting for an accouchement. Thus Dr. Williams has embodied in literature what we used to call the "amateur spirit," which is now so rare. Today our budding writers train themselves from high-school on to be professionals in corporate prose for institutions of mass entertainment. But to Williams writing has been a cult and not a trade. Since he generally went unpaid and had few readers, he wrote for his own amusement or relief — which encourages originality rather than imitation. The recent "revival" of Williams before a somewhat expanded public is surely one of the pleasanter things that have happened in our literary scene.

One recalls meeting Williams for the first time, during a walk along his favorite Jersey swamps, when he was still in his thirties—though a small-town doctor and paterfamilias — and finding him exceedingly "boyish" in his ebullience, his enthusiasms, his sudden laughter. He is as young of voice and as eager-beaver at sixty-eight. This candor of spirit and quickness to love or hate enlivens his autobiography, as also his growing "saga" of Paterson. It would be unduly optimistic, however, to estimate this book as great autobiography.

To the good autobiographers we turn usually for their intimate analysis and appraisal of their contemporaries. Williams' approach is too "spontaneous" and impatient to permit balanced judgments of complex personalities such as Pound and Gertrude

Matthew Josephson is the author of biographies of Stendhal and Victor Hugo.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

A MONETARY PROBLEM

Merwin Holtzman, of Louisville, Kentucky, says that you need not be the mercenary type to fill in the blank spaces in the following quotations. They represent media of exchange. Give yourself five points for each medium and five for the source. A score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. The rank is but the ..... stamp.
2. My vigor is a new minted .....
   Which I cast at your feet.
3. The sharp voice of Captain Flint still rings in my ears: "....."
4. Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of .....
5. Just for a handful of ..... he left us.
6. Sing a song of ....., a pocketful of rye.
7. Are not two sparrows sold for a .....?
8. Yet he tilted a poke of ..... on the bar
   And he called for drinks for the house.
9. Brother, can you spare a .....?
10. Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch
    Ten thousand ..... to our general use.

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Stein, before whom he appears at a loss. In detail he is often negligent. The play of ideas, the intellectual content of artistic movements is not familiar ground to him. One might say that he is more at home in giving us the "inside story" of a hospital clinic than of a literary group. But he is a masterly story-teller, as in a digressive anecdote of the delivery of twelve-pound twins by a tough, three-hundred-pound gangster of a woman.

The unpredictable element in Williams's writing, though affording many a pleasant surprise, has made him a problem-child for those New Critics who are disposed to rules of order and good taste as established by T. S. Eliot. (A "catastrophic" influence Williams has called Eliot, perhaps rightly.) How, they ask, can he write first-rate poetry or prose by methods so unorthodox? And yet he plainly does; for he has the painter's eye and an ear for swift, terse American speech. A "primitive" he may be, as the critic-technicians hold, but many of his poems and tales will live.

His fairly simple *ars poetica* demands that he "contact" nature and life as quickly, as directly as possible; and he manages this well at times. His method, in essence, was evolved toward 1918:

> I decided that I would write something every day, without missing one day for a year. I'd write nothing planned, but take up a pencil, put the paper before me, and write anything that came into my head. Be it nine in the evening or three in the morning, returning from some delivery . . . I'd write it down.
>
> Not a word was to be changed . . . but I did tear up some of the stuff.

This is close enough to the "automatic" writing and drawing practised by Dadaists and Surrealists at about the same period. One of their gifted painters once explained the system to this reviewer as follows: "You simply go fishing in the subconscious stream: sometimes you catch a fine carp; sometimes all you bring up is an old shoe." Williams's swiftly-paced recollections have some of the defects as well as the virtues of this method.

In this solid, respectable doctor, anchored to his duties, there is always a pathetic, hidden rebel, who seems to gaze longingly across the Jersey meadows at the pink lights of lower Manhattan, where his heart also lies. At regular intervals he would commute from Rutherford to Greenwich Village to join those relaxed gatherings of choice spirits there who paid honor to free art, free poetry, and cheap wine. And often Williams was

—*Eliott Erwitt.*

William Carlos Williams—"amateur spirit."

the only one who had the price of the wine. One feels this dual personality in many a passage of painfully honest confession, such as the priceless account of his abortive "romance" with the Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven. When Williams first met her, an admiring reader of his early verses, she was momentarily residing in the Tombs for having stolen an umbrella. On her release, to save her and her dogs from starving, he kindly gave her a little money—then had to fight his way back to Rutherford, happy at escaping unscathed. But our Baroness pursued him there.

You see him sitting at dinner on a Sunday evening with his rosy-cheeked family, when an emergency call comes by telephone. He hurries off with his bag, to meet the Baroness just outside the door, emerging from behind the bushes. She seizes his arm. (According to a different account from that in this work, which he used to give verbally toward 1920, she cried: "*Villiam Carlos Villiams, I vant you!*") In the present account she asks him to accompany her; when he refuses: "She hauled off and hit me alongside the neck with all her strength. I just stood there thinking. But at the moment a cop happened to walk by." She flees, but returns to her ambuscading some days later. Dr. Williams, meanwhile, having practised with a punching bag, is ready: "I flattened her with a stiff punch to the mouth. I had her arrested, she shouting: 'What are you in this town? Napoleon?'"

When she was released soon afterward it was on her promise to return no more to the Rutherford scene. Exit the Baroness. This is but one specimen of Williams, as storyteller, at his best, as in many an unguarded passage of reminiscence, unaffected, sometimes naive, always truthful.

Student of the Mind

INQUIRING SPIRIT. Edited by Kathleen Coburn. New York: Pantheon Books. 454 pp. $5.

By Clarence D. Thorpe

THE living members of the Coleridge family have been unusually kind to transatlantic scholars. Among those especially favored have been Professors T. M. Raysor, Earl L. Griggs, and Alice Snyder, all American beneficiaries of treasure troves of manuscript materials eventuating in volumes of criticism, philosophy, and correspondence. And now Kathleen Coburn, Professor of English at Victoria College, Toronto, has been given most generous use of original documents—lectures, letters, notebooks—and has begun a series of publications from them that promise to be among the most valuable contributions to Coleridge literature we have yet had. In 1949, after some ten years of sacrificial labor, Miss Coburn produced the finely edited "Philosophical Lectures"—Coleridge's highly ambitious project in the history of philosophy. In process, to be published soon it is to be hoped, is what promises to be her magnum opus, an edition of the intimate and voluminous "Note Books."

"Inquiring Spirit" is an anthology—"a basket of plucked plums and windfalls," as Miss Coburn will have it, "collected while rummaging about in the more recondite materials" in preparation for the two major editions. It must not, however, be lightly regarded, for its has great and unique values. If, indeed, at some future time a uniform edition of Coleridge's prose works is issued — including the twelve volumes published during his lifetime and the fifteen published since his death, plus the perhaps dozen volumes requisite, it is said, to hold the still unprinted manuscripts—"Inquiring Spirit" might well serve as the initial volume, a sort of prospectus of the whole, and its introduction as a keynote to all that was to follow.

This can be said because Miss Coburn's book furnishes materials that reveal Coleridge in a perspective necessary to know him as he is. It is the particular merit of her interpretation that, perhaps better than any other living scholar, she sees Coleridge whole rather than in parts, recognizes the selfness of the man and thinker,

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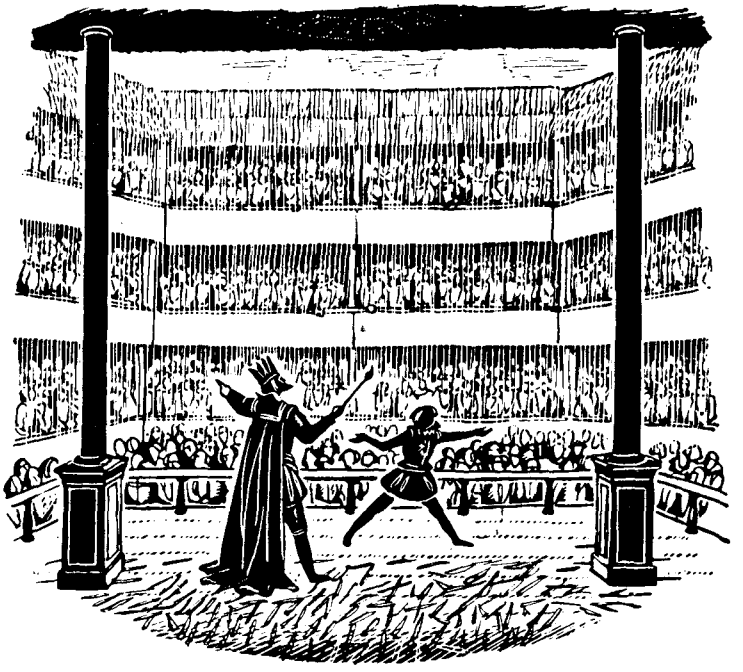
knows much of the sources of his originality and vitality.

Her book is an attempt to present her conception of that wholeness in something of its special quality. Believing that the "many-sidedness" of Coleridge's interests and "his sheer mental energy and initiative have never been fully recognized," she wishes to suggest the richness of that manifold. And she would also like to "suggest what it is that gives his myriad-mindedness . . . its focus and its particular vitality in our own time."

The richness of the manifold of Coleridge's amazing mind is effectively suggested in the various groups of admirably selected passages in the volume, the range of which quite accurately marks the range of his multiple interests. Miss Coburn's main introduction discloses certain ideas that have guided her in her compilation. The "fulcrum of Coleridge's thought," she says, "is his awareness of the psychological factors in any kind of human experience, and . . . it derives its power from his own subtle and complex realizations." Coleridge is first and always a keen student of the human mind, and it is in the keenness of his observation and the accuracy of his deductions applied to all sorts of men that we shall find the focus of his "myriad-mindedness."

Coleridge, Miss Coburn rightly believes, should make a clear appeal to our age. First, interested in the truth, but grown wary of final solutions, we feel a certain kinship with the eagerly inquiring mind apt in raising the right questions but not inclined to dogmatize in its conclusions. Second, our age is psychological in trend. It is in sympathy with self-exploration and exploration of the not-self based thereon. It has a Freudian and a Gestalt theory to aid in its researches, but Coleridge was groping his way to truths that embrace the findings of most of the modern schools of psychology, and so again we find him congenial to our time. Our age also prefers the marks of human quality to the marks of the literati or of the pedant. Hence, when we learn of Coleridge's interest in sugar beets and in the problems of tanning and agriculture, and when we read, as we may in this anthology, his stirring masterpiece of humane logic in support of Sir Robert Peel's measure for the protection of children in the factories against the slavery and cruelty of a fifteen-hour working day and his eloquent protest against the practice of whipping young women naked in public, with his argument for the degrading psychological effects of this practice, we feel, as Miss Coburn would wish us to feel, that he belongs very definitely to our time.



—*From "On Producing Shakespeare."*

The Globe Theatre in Shakespeare's day.

One Key to the Bard's Meaning

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SHAKESPEARE'S IMAGERY. By W. H. Clemen. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 236 *pp.* $3.75.

By Milton Crane

THE study of Shakespeare's use of imagery is a relatively recent contribution to Shakespeare scholarship. Although many critics and editors, including Dryden, Pope, Rowe, Dr. Johnson, Hazlitt, Keats, and Lamb, made brief random observations on the subject, no thorough analysis was undertaken before the twentieth century. Dr. Caroline F. E. Spurgeon's "Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us" (1936), the first systematic examination and classification of Shakespeare's images, drew inferences concerning Shakespeare's personality, his likes and dislikes, from the manner in which he employed particular comparisons. In this respect Dr. Spurgeon joins hands with certain recent critics, such as Robert B. Heilman and Cleanth Brooks, who find in Shakespeare's use of specific images or patterns of imagery a key to his meaning or intention in a given play. G. Wilson Knight had gone still farther, in "The Shakespearean Tempest" and other works, and has endeavored to show that Shakespeare's imagery indicates the existence of a unified symbolism in all the plays.

Dr. Wolfgang H. Clemen, who first published the substance of the present volume in German as "Shakespeare's Bilder" (1936), is decidedly more modest and cautious than those critics who seem to find little but image and symbol in Shakespeare's plays. "It is obvious," he says, ". . . that an interpretation of Shakespeare based solely on this approach is apt to lose sight of the 'dramatic reality' of his plays and to neglect such important aspects as dramatic technique, plot, stage conditions, etc." Precisely. And so Dr. Clemen undertakes to give us a study of Shakespeare's imagery that will redress the balance and will consider this admittedly significant element in proper relation to the other "important aspects" of the plays.

To this end he establishes the thesis that Shakespeare's early plays make use of imagery in a largely decorative fashion; in these plays no organic relation exists between the images and the character of the speaker, the dramatic situation, or the theme. The "development" of the book's title is, then, a change from this conception of imagery as something detachable and decorative to a conception of imagery as being of the very essence of the play. Thus one may dispense with the

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images in "Titus Andronicus" (why not with the entire play?) but not with those in "Hamlet."

This seems a proposition reasonably consonant with other aspects of Shakespeare's development as a poet and dramatist. The usefulness of Dr. Clemen's study obviously must depend upon the excellence and fulness of his demonstration. And here the difficulties begin. For, in speaking of one play, Dr. Clemen concerns himself chiefly with the way in which imagery reinforces characterization; in dealing with another, he dwells largely on imagery and theme; in a third, on imagery and plot. In his concluding chapter, he admits that he has proceeded in an unsystematic way and defends himself by pleading that contemporary criticism of Shakespeare stands in greater need of integrated, well-rounded studies than of considerations of isolated problems. Perhaps so; but Dr. Clemen would then have done well to give us broader and more comprehensive accounts of the interaction of all elements, including imagery, in each of the plays he treats. And he might also have discussed more plays; half the canon remains unaccounted for.

One example of Dr. Clemen's method must suffice. In commenting on the celebrated lines from "Hamlet":

> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,
> And enterprises of great pith and moment
> With this regard their currents turn awry
> And lose the name of action.

he says:

> The customary interpretation of this passage, "reflection hinders action," does it an injustice. For Hamlet does not say "reflection hinders action," he simply utters this image. The fact that he does not utter that general maxim, but this image, makes all the difference. For this image is the unique and specific form of expression of the thought underlying it, it cannot be separated from it. If we say "reflection hinders action," we make a false generalization; we replace a specific formulation by an apothegm. And thereby we eradicate in this passage that quality which is peculiarly Shakespeare's or, what is more, peculiarly Hamlet's. Here the image does not serve the purpose of merely casting a decorative cloak about the thought; it is much rather an intrinsic part of the thought.

A little later Dr. Clemen remarks, "A careful consideration of Shakespeare's imagery may sometimes correct false interpretation." He has not, however, made it clear that "Reflection

(*Continued on page* 36)

Americans. *Our historians are uncommonly industrious this year celebrating the careers of our first and third Presidents. Douglas Southall Freeman, distinguished biographer of R. E. Lee, continues his monumental life of George Washington with the publication of the third and fourth volumes, covering the years 1759-1778. Much the same period, but approached entirely from the question of the General's role in the severance of relations with Great Britain, is treated in Curtis P. Nettel's "George Washington and American Independence," also reviewed this week. A single-volume life of Washington by Francis Rufus Bellamy is due any day now. The ably edited "Papers of Thomas Jefferson" reach the last years of the Revolutionary War with the publication of a fourth volume, while Dumas Malone brings his large-scale portrait of the third President up to the founding of the Republic with the second volume of his biography, this one entitled "Jefferson and the Rights of Man." Coming soon: Nathan Schachner's two-volume life of Jefferson.*

Planter, Burgess, and General

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. III, 600 pp. Vol. IV, 736 pp. $15.

By L. H. Butterfield

THESE volumes, according to a publisher's announcement accompanying them, bring Dr. Freeman to the half-way mark in his projected biography of Washington. This implies, I believe, an enlargement of his original plan of operations, and furthermore this pair of volumes is substantially larger than the first pair, published three years ago. All this is not surprising in view of the immense proliferation of sources and secondary material relating to Washington's years of fame. There is enough Washington "literature" to keep a respectable scholar busy reading for a lifetime. Dr. Freeman, who owns a pair of seven-league boots that all other historical writers envy him, has undertaken to cover all of it, to cull and analyze the best of it, and to give the world the most comprehensive account yet produced of Washington the man and the public figure. Apart from merely practical considerations like publishers' contracts, does it matter how many volumes that will take? Who can say how long a completely adequate life of Washington should be.

—*Dementi Studio.*

Douglas Southall Freeman—"meticulous."

Volume III begins with Washington's marriage to Martha Dandridge Custis in January 1759, and is more than half devoted to Washington's years as planter, burgess, vestryman and church-warden, speculator in Western lands, foxhunter, executor and "private banker" for his neighbors, and paterfamilias. These fifteen years were extraordinarily full, for Washington was a good deal more energetic and ambitious than most of his fellow planters, and he was insatiable in his efforts to build up his landholdings, nearby and afar. The record of his activities during this period is on the whole prosaic, for much of it is drawn from his dry diary entries ("Captn. Dalton's Dun Mare again coverd"), his ledgers of accounts, and from the journals of the House of Burgesses. It is relieved somewhat by the fullest details that have yet been published on his relations with Martha Washington and

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his stepchildren. Though Washington listened more often than he spoke or wrote on political subjects, he was firmly but untheatrically committed, by the time he went as a Virginia delegate to the first Continental Congress in August 1774, to armed defense of American rights, "if," as he said, "need be." When he was named commander-in-chief the following June, Dr. Freeman points out, Washington had had five years of military experience in "woodland warfare" only, and had never in person "directed artillery or cavalry, or, indeed, any considerable body of men. . . . He who had operated a Regiment on a frontier was now, after sixteen years, to direct an Army on a continent." Those who chose him obviously counted on his qualities of character rather than on his real or supposed training and genius in warfare.

It was a long gamble, as none knew better than Washington himself as he set out for the American camp in Cambridge, and as he acutely realized in the dark days at the end of 1775 where Volume III ends.

In Volume IV Dr. Freeman settles to the long, exacting, but, to him, congenial task of narrating the campaigns from the British evacuation of Boston in March 1776, through Washington's vain defense of New York against the Howes, his retreat to the Delaware and astonishing counterstrokes against Trenton and Princeton, to the American defeats on the Brandywine and at Germantown in the fall of 1777. The last chapters deal with the tragic winter at Valley Forge. "Previously, at every twist of the revolutionary struggle, some essential of successful war had not been available; now at Valley Forge everything was lacking." The volume closes with Washington's receipt of the news, at the end of April 1778, that a treaty of alliance between the United States and France had been signed.

Dr. Freeman's method is to wring the sources dry—all of them, from the printed and manuscript records of official bodies and the personal papers of Washington and his associates and adversaries, to the diaries and reminiscences of individual officers and soldiers in both armies. In addition he has winnowed the vast mass of secondary works—biographies, monographs, and local histories—so that for many of the military actions he relates he has given us all but exhaustive accounts. In order to do so he has had to stick close to Washington's angle of vision and to forego treatment of events, no matter how important, that took place at a distance. We are told nothing of the developing sentiment for independence. (Paine's "Common Sense" is mentioned once and only passingly.) The Saratoga campaign is not described or appraised. Very typical is the handling of the surrender of Fort Washington above New York on the Hudson. Washington was nearby and of course ultimately responsible for this disastrous action, but since he was not present the narrative is reduced to a footnote and the primary sources are listed in another note.

Both historians and amateurs of Revolutionary campaigns will revel in Dr. Freeman's abundant and meticulous footnotes. The best of them are of the kind I have just mentioned—rich stores of information that will lure students on for a long time to come. Occasionally they are merely pedantic, as when the adjective "young" as applied to a Mount Vernon carpenter in 1762 is justified by a note stating that his father was alive in 1763. (For the purposes of the narrative it does not matter whether the carpenter is young or not.) Here the biographer has strained at a gnat, while in his presentation of Patrick Henry's celebrated speech on the Stamp Act he appears to have swallowed a camel.

Generally, and indeed everywhere so far as I have observed except for this one lapse, Dr. Freeman is extremely cautious in accepting late or merely traditional testimony. He is not deliberately iconoclastic like Rupert Hughes, but his George Washington is not on a pedestal, and he disposes of a number of attractive legends with the brief judgment that they are undocumented or contrary to known facts. Some readers will feel that though Dr. Freeman has made a notable and conscientious effort to tell the story of the so-called Conway Cabal fresh from the sources and without bias, his interpretation of it is not altogether satisfactory. The incident shed no luster on anyone connected with it, but it is easy and gratifying to say that Washington emerges from Dr. Freeman's closely packed pages more nearly as he was than he has from any previous biography.

For a Free Nation

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. By Curtis P. Nettels. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 338 pp. $5.

By JOHN RICHARD ALDEN

IF WE accept the dictum of Philip Guedalla that it is a wise country that knows its own father, it may be argued that we Americans are stupid. Most of us know little about George Washington. We may ascribe our ignorance to his biographers because their products have sometimes been something less than appealing. If we do so we commit a wrong, for that mighty man who has often been described as being first in three categories is also foremost in a fourth, that of American leaders whose careers and personalities have offered formidable resistance to analysis. The masses of papers through which he who would write a biography of Washington must make his way are as difficult to penetrate as were the lines of Maryland and Delaware Continentals. Moreover, the documents from the pen of the great Virginian too seldom offer glimpses of the man behind the firm face.

Professor Nettels offers in "George Washington and American Independence" a detailed study of but one phase of Washington's long career, his role in the making of the fateful decision of the patriots to assert independence from Britain. No student of Washington has hitherto made such a close inquiry into that subject. The result is a well written and provocative volume which contends that Washington was even more of a parent to the United States than we have believed. Much has been said about the contributions

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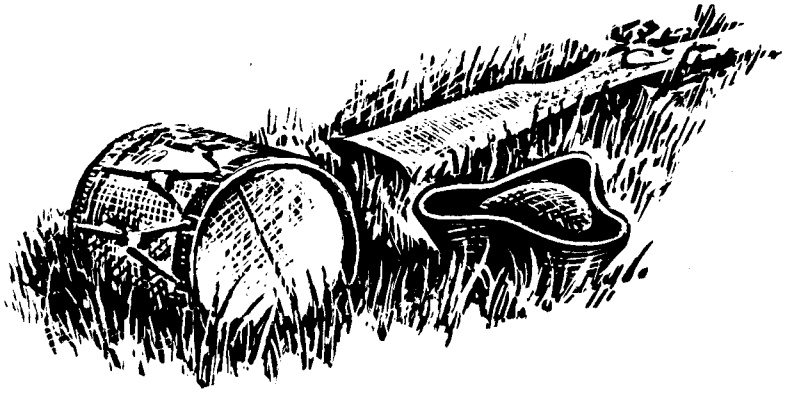

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—From "Princeton Portraits."

"Washington at the Battle of Princeton," by William Tylee Ranney.

of the immortal George as commander-in-chief and as President. Professor Nettels fails to estimate in any one place his influence with respect to the decision to issue the Declaration of Independence, but gives the impression that it was powerful. He does not go so far as to suggest that it was determining.

Using sources familiar to specialists in the Revolutionary period, the author retells the history of the critical years between the Peace of Paris of 1763 and the Declaration of Independence, emphasizing the part played by Washington in major and minor patriot actions which led toward the secession of the Old Thirteen. He ends his narrative with the Declaration, in spite of the fact that many patriots were not irrevocably committed to separation in July 1776. He might have continued it to the era of the Carlisle Mission of 1778, showing that Washington insisted that the Declaration be final when some patriots displayed a measure of willingness to return to the empire—on their own terms, to be sure.

The narrative contains the customary minor errors. For example, that well-known old Tory Samuel Curwen of Salem is described as a Philadelphian. More serious criticism may be made because of Professor Nettels's heterodox interpretations of British policy. The reviewer harbors no doubt whatever that the patriots were in the right in their quarrel with the British Government, but he doubts the validity of the assertion (and others of similar tenor portraying British official thought and plans in dark colors) that because of the Intolerable Acts passed by Parliament in 1774 "one must conclude that the court now intended to break the colonial opposition, to deprive the colonies of their right of self-government, and to expose them to any exaction that Britain might choose to demand."

It would seem that the author has exaggerated somewhat both the forwardness and the effectiveness of Washington in asserting American rights before his appointment as commander-in-chief in 1775. Typical of statements exalting the importance of Washington as a "militant" before his elevation to the supreme command is that describing the Fairfax [County, Virginia] Resolves of 1774, which Washington pushed, as "the seed from which the Continental army developed." Moreover, Professor Nettels fails to emphasize that the Virginia planter became the arch-traitor when he assumed leadership of the American forces. That fact and his new duties drove him toward extreme measures, including the assertion of independence. Nevertheless, Professor Nettels offers and cogently defends a rather novel thesis, that pressure from General Washington and other high officers in the American army forcefully goaded political leaders at the state capitals and in the Second Continental Congress toward separation.

One may reasonably question some of the author's interpretations, but "George Washington and American Independence" is a genuinely interesting and stimulating book.

Architect of Policy

JEFFERSON AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN. By Dumas Malone. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 509 pp. $6.

By Saul K. Padover

THIS IS the second instalment of Professor Malone's large-scale biography, "Jefferson and His Times," which he expects to run into a total of five volumes—"if the strength of the author and the patience of the publishers and the public will hold out that long." The preceding volume, "Jefferson the Virginian," covered the first forty-one years of his life, including the brief period in the Summer of 1776 when the young Virginian drafted a document that was to bring him immortality.

This volume deals with only eight and a half years of Jefferson's career, from 1784 to 1792, and is devoted primarily but not exclusively to foreign affairs. The book, as Professor Malone points out, has a definite unity in that it traces Jefferson's activities abroad, as American Minister to France, and at home, as the first United States Secretary of State. Both positions hinged essentially around the problems and requirements of American foreign policy at a time when it was being hammered into shape.

Most of "Jefferson and the Rights of Man" covers exactly the same ground as Marie Kimball's "Jefferson: The Scene of Europe, 1784 to 1789," which was published last year. Inescapably they invite comparison and comment. Like Professor Malone, Mrs. Kimball is also at work on an ambitious biography of the great Virginian—"Jefferson: The Scene of Europe" was her third volume. What is striking about both biographers is that they share fundamentally the same virtues and defects. Both have done solid research and have patiently combed the available sources. They have both a scrupulous regard for facts and a deep esteem for their subject. In one main respect they do differ. In dealing with the arts Mrs. Kimball shows greater knowledge and sensitivity than Professor Malone; but in describing political and historical events the latter has more knowledge and perspective.

Professor Malone's book is, as a work of technical historical scholarship, admirable. It has the fine qual-

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Saul K. Padover, dean of the graduate school of the New School for Social Research, is the author of "Thomas Jefferson," a biography, and editor of "The Complete Jefferson."

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ities of careful workmanship, balance, and fairness. The data is presented fully; letters and statements are meticulously analyzed or paraphrased. Footnotes and dates are given for the smallest details. In a traditional sense this is good and honest history.

But intellectually "Jefferson and the Rights of Man" leaves one with a feeling of disappointment. To begin with, there is the matter of style. Not every historian, to be sure, can be a Gibbon or a Macaulay, but it helps if he makes an effort in that direction. The writing in "Jefferson and the Rights of Man" is unfortunately colorless and peppered with an excess of clichés. Some sentences are almost embarrassing. Thus, referring to the friendship that Jefferson gave Colonel David Humphreys, Professor Malone writes: "Jefferson was only a little taller than this recent soldier, but he took him under his wing at once."

Secondly, there is the question whether the biography of a great historic figure can be satisfactorily written with the same technique and method, and from the same viewpoint, as conventional historiography. Or to state it differently: Is it possible to explain a great man—say a Jefferson or a Lincoln or a Jesus—by nothing more than a constant, meticulous, minute reference to documents? Do documents, which are themselves historic accidents, illuminate the internal dynamics of a person? Or does one require other and auxiliary means—such as imagination, psychological insight, psycho-social techniques? As the book stands, the reader—this reader, at any rate—does not have a clear or vivid picture of the man.

Finally, it may be fairly asked whether creative history, that is, history that should say something relevant, can be written without a well-defined, philosophic point of view. Without such a *Weltanschauung*, historiography, as well as historical biography, is a horizonless plain on an arid planet, leading nowhere.

These criticisms apart, it should be repeated that as a work of historical craftsmanship Professor Malone's book is beyond reproach. Students in the field and other specialists should be grateful to him for his fine service in bringing together in one volume an immense and useful amount of data about an historic figure whose stature is growing with the years.

A Winter of Tribulaton

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Volume 4: October 1, 1780 to February 24, 1781. Edited by Julian P. Boyd. Lyman H. Butterfield and Mina R. Bryan, Associate Editors. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 702 *pp.* $10.

By David C. Mearns

TO A VISITOR at the White House President Jefferson once ruefully confided that "he had from the commencement of the Revolution to the present time, with very little interruption, been employed in the public service of his country; if he had preserved copies of the letters he had written, they would of themselves form a narrative of the most interesting events of that period." That he but stated a simple truth is abundantly evident from this, the fourth volume in a monumental series to issue from the Princeton University Press, for what Mr. Jefferson failed to do for himself, Julian Boyd and his associates are doing for him—and for us. They are doing it in full measure; not only are they meticulously transcribing Mr. Jefferson's own work, but every important communication addressed to him as well. The result is context and precision, the restoration of a people and a time surrounding the single figure whose world they were.

Considering the fact that Virginia was in the winter of 1780-81, as a quartermaster put it, "almost destitute of every kind of Stationary," the Jefferson circle managed rather well. For a five-month period nearly a thousand exchanges are reproduced. For the most part these have been recovered from more than a score of public repositories, but it is gratifying to note the contributions from a half dozen private citizens.

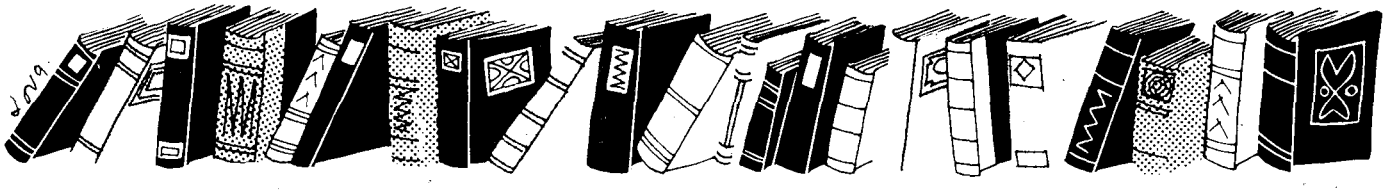
In the days covered by this volume, Mr. Jefferson was sometimes bored: "nothing of Moment," he wrote in November, "has happened here since the arrival of the Enemy." He was Governor of Virginia, which meant that he was neither more nor less than Chief Clerk of the Commonwealth, his days preoccupied with making reports to the far-off Congress, certifying accounts, calling for supplies, preparing proclamations, encouraging the populace, and generally celebrating the ritual of routine. On the day when Mrs. Jefferson presented him with a daughter, Lucy Elizabeth, he was chained to his desk, reading and writing letters. To an old friend the effect upon his spirit was obvious. "I know," John Page told him, "your love of Study and Retirement must strongly solicit you to leave the Hurry, Bustle, and Nonsense your station daily exposes you to"; but "let me D[ear] Jefferson conjure you not to think of resigning."

There was, to be sure, occasional relief. Even a reformer like Mr. Jefferson must have found some amusement in the eccentric orthography of the name-belying Samuel Nightingale who invested his messages with startlingly vulgar words like "Ortherized," "gitting," "*Trancelated,*" "Proceads," and "Promisse." It must have been agreeable to be offered a set of Diderot's "Encyclopedia" at a price of fifteen hogsheads of tobacco; or to receive notice of election as a "Councellor" of the American Philosophical Society; or to come upon a letter from General Washington, introducing a gentleman of "character, illustrious birth, and fortune," named Lafayette.

From the standpoint of its influence upon his subsequent career the most important episode of the period concerned Mr. Jefferson's behavior at the time of the unspeakable Benedict Arnold's invasion of Richmond and rout of the revolutionary government, beginning in late December 1780. The editors, in a prefatory note to the documents in this section, have written:

> The events they record led directly to the legislative motion of 12 June 1781 to investigate Jefferson's conduct as governor and to his spirited and successful defense before the Assembly. . . . The charges proposed (but never formally preferred) against his administration in 1781 were revived for propagandist purposes in the political campaigns of 1796, 1800, and 1804; they were repeated in the histories of the Revolution written during Jefferson's

David C. Mearns, chief of the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress, edited "The Papers of Abraham Lincoln."



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later years; and they are still being argued by historians of Virginia and biographers of Jefferson.

Nothing that happened in Jefferson's long public career wounded him so deeply as those charges of negligence, incompetence, and (though this was added long after 1781) personal cowardice in discharging the duties of his post. . . . On the other hand, the demoralization of Virginia under the repeated blows of invading British forces during the last six months of Jefferson's governorship was an undeniable truth.

Yes, the truth of panic and the acrimony which flowed from it alike are undeniable, but more spectacular, more wonderful for a later day is the fact that the Civil War for independence of the English crown was essentially a gentlemen's war, a fact which was echoed in the diary of Jefferson.

When John Burgoyne had capitulated at Saratoga and signed the Convention articles granting free passage "upon condition of not serving again in America," he was entertained at dinner by his American victor, General Gates, and another American, General Schuyler, had him for a day or two as house guest in his Albany home. The Brunswick troops under Burgoyne's command were marched off to Charlottesville in Virginia. "The Jefferson Papers" abound with references to Mr. Jefferson's courtesies to their general, Von Riedesel, and his charming baroness, who accompanied him. One of the German mercenaries, a John Lewis de Unger, lieutenant in the Regiment Rhetz, when he was about to be exchanged, returned some borrowed books, thanked the Governor in decent French "pour toutes les *Marques de Bienveillance,*" and wondered where he would in future find so great a benefactor. Mr. Jefferson's character was present in his reply:

> When the course of events [he wrote, employing a self-borrowed phrase] shall have removed you to distant scenes of action where laurels not nurtured with the blood of my country may be gathered, I shall urge sincere prayers for your obtaining every honor and preferment which may gladden the heart of a souldier. On the other hand, should your fondness for philosophy resume its merited ascendancy, is it impossible to hope that this unexplored country may tempt your residen[ce] by holding out materials wherewith to build a fame found[ed] on the happiness and not the calamities of human nature? Be this as it may, whether philosopher or souldier, I wish you many felicities.

While life was full and hope was new there would be a chance for peace in the new world.

Camera Portraits

MR. LINCOLN'S CONTEMPORARIES: An Album of Portraits by Mathew B. Brady. By Roy Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 233 pp. $6.

By J. G. RANDALL

THIS is another Meredith book of Brady photographs. It gives about two hundred faces (some in groups) of men and women of Lincoln's day. It gives, in part, the face of America. In addition to the excellence and unusualness of these many portraits, the book abounds in flashes of social history. The trends, adventures, excitements, crazes, and grim business of that day—roughly a century ago—are mirrored here. In lens-pictures and word-pictures you are reminded of what those Americans were up to. You see the surface brilliance, the bold Western adventure, the meteoric careers, the feverish lobbying, the snobs (Knickerbockers elevating frosty noses), the cases of rags to riches (if there were only rags you don't see them), the idealists (a few), and the reformers. It is like boxing the American compass—yet not quite that, for you had to *be* somebody to get immortalized by the Brady camera.

For these are all Bradys. The author gives you an informing sketch of Brady himself and he gives, by choice selection, the Brady product. Here was a man of greatness in his field. He had a notable knack of capturing a personality in striking pose and character-revealing expression. What made the camera art of that day so successful? Let others answer that, but for one thing it was a day of craftsmen. Another thing, the pictures of that era had clarity; they were pictorially satisfying and strongly accented. Besides, they were made by daylight photography, not by artificial light.

These pages show how amazingly the face reveals the man. Looking at the head and front of F. E. Spinner (now slightly known), you can accept his flamboyant signature as almost plausible! The visages are of all sorts: warm-hearted, cold, sour, sinister, stiff, self-important, grim, pompous, or (one or two) full of humor. And the clothes helped, as well as the tonsorial grandeur, for it was the Age of Whiskers.

Here are the men of politics: Doug-

(*Continued on page 35*)

J. G. Randall, professor emeritus of history at the University of Illinois, is the author of "Lincoln the President" and many other volumes about the Civil War period.

"Edwin Booth of the great dark eyes."

"The great [Adelina] Patti."

—Photos by Brady, from the book.

"Walt Whitman in his genius suit."

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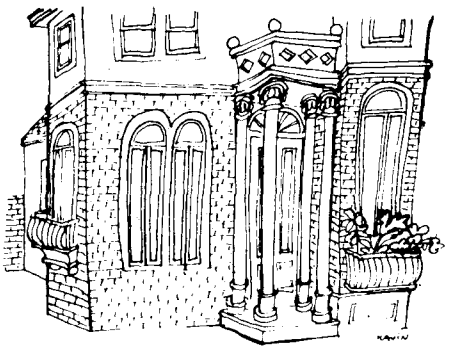
Fiction.

Three novelists whose work is familiar to all followers of American fiction have new books for review this week, and the critics' verdicts on all are favorable, one particularly so. Truman Capote's first novel, "Other Voices, Other Rooms," and volume of short stories, "A Tree of Night," revealed undeniable talent, but many readers had misgivings about how it was applied. His latest short novel, "The Grass Harp," displays both talent and maturity. James T. Farrell has turned from the problems of Chicago youth to the problems of Chicago old people in "This Man and This Woman," and Laura Z. Hobson switches from social problems to satire of the world of glitter in "The Celebrity." Two novels by newcomers—or relative newcomers—can also be recommended: Henry Myers's enchanting chronicle of medieval Iceland, "The Utmost Island," and Elsa Morante's moving story of personal disintegration in contemporary Italy, "House of Liars," her first novel.

The Problem of Senescence

THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN. By James T. Farrell. New York: Vanguard Press. 215 pp. $2.75.

By Carl Victor Little



ACCORDING to the apostles of sweetness and light, in inspirational works, in pseudo-scientific tomes, and in fiction, a person in old age, "with the emotional fires banked for life and the strife and turmoil of life over," may be idiotically happy. But once in a while a man of some intelligence wrestles with the problem of senescence or its next stage, old age, perhaps an author who isn't as young as he used to be. For instance, Hemingway, whose decaying "hero," before jumping over the river and into the trees, and then into the lap of John O'Hara, tried to ignore age, attempted to escape from it by cavorting with youthful beauty. But the results were fatal.

Now comes James T. Farrell, forty-seven, who says in "This Man and This Woman" to hell with the pap and guff of the happiness-dispensers. The only thing you can do with old age is to resent it. (At least Mr. Farrell says that to me, but I grant that a reviewer often reviews himself while reviewing a book, that what a book says is often in the mind of the beholder.)

But, take Walt Callahan. (Chicago Irish, of course.) He can hardly make it in the morning. He's barely able to crawl out of bed. But after coffee it'll be better. Callahan, sixty-three, will get in another day at the express company. But tomorrow? Some more of the same. Then he adds up the Monday mornings he has gone to work in a streetcar. Ugh! Callahan yearns for youth, for the good old days. Just lingering on, is Walt, playing out the schedule, as Mr. Farrell puts it.

The resentment of Walt (a somewhat un-Farrell-like character) doesn't spring from poverty or the depressing influence of economic inequality. In fact, Walt's doing all right. He lives well. He has job security and even the prospects of a better job. Fairly easy work after a lifetime with the express company and a pension due when he retires. But age, as such, is resented. You can't do anything else with it.

Walt couldn't possibly do anything else with it. For there's Peg Callahan, his fifty-three-year-old wife. She's Xantippe in clubs and spades, eternally nagging, telling Walt how old he is looking and acting, belittling him. Walt is usually as philosophical about it as Socrates was. Sure, he'd like to hit her in the nose, or paddle her, or emulate Porky who quit his job at the express company, walked out on his Xantippe, left town and got himself a young gal and a job running an elevator.

Mr. Farrell, in page after page of dialogue, in which he makes a believable mountain out of 10,000 molehills, in which enormous trifles pile up tragically, underscores, yea shouts, the illogic, the total depravity of the nagging wife. The author is superb in presenting the "bum" argument, for which the Sex, as the Lydia Pinkham ads once called the darlings, is notorious. (Among us men.)

For instance, a husband says ever so mildly that the soup is a bit scorched. The wife is hurt. She begins to weep. She says he doesn't like a thing she does. That he is always abusing her. She rants on and opines that he doesn't love her, otherwise he wouldn't be so critical. Furthermore, she shouts, he's probably in love with someone else, holding money out of his pay check to support a fancy lady. Thus, a husband, amiably remarking that the soup is scorched, ends up by defending himself against the charge of adultery and embezzlement.

Above is not one of Mr. Farrell's examples of the "bum" argument. But his book is studded with similar ones, but ones far more effectively done, of course.

Mr. Farrell never showed his artistry, his power to a greater advantage than in these constantly recurring domestic scenes. I was surprised, shocked at the horrible, melodramatic ending of "This Man and This Woman." Foul, I cried. Farrell's got no business taking this easy way out. But thinking back, I discovered that Mr. Farrell had been preparing, building up, for just such a smashing climax all along. He had placed his Freudian signposts throughout the story.

I don't know whether or not Mr. Farrell is saying that all nagging women are to a degree insane, potential madwomen and murderers. He might even be telling men with nagging wives to sleep with one eye open lest they are stabbed by a butcher knife. Again, Peg might only have been a special, isolated pathological case of nagging. Anyway, I was mightily stirred by Mr. Farrell's story-telling artistry, the description of this chamber of horrors which is inhabited by two people, once young and once in love.

Mr. Farrell probably will resent and regret this verdict. I have Mr. Farrell's word for it, in his "Fate of Writing in America," that I, as a newspaper reviewer, am undoubtedly a philistine, probably illiterate, one who soft-soaps all books because he doesn't know any better.

Mr. Farrell may be right. If you think so, forget my recommendation that this should be read by everyone past forty-two.

Carl Victor Little is book reviewer and daily columnist for The Houston Press *and contributes a daily book column to* The San Francisco News.

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Human Disintegration

HOUSE OF LIARS. By Elsa Morante. Translated by Adrienne Foulke. New York. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 565 pp. $4.

By SERGE HUGHES

ELSA MORANTE, wife of Alberto Moravia, the distinguished Italian novelist, reveals in this first novel, a concern for that theme which has attracted and preoccupied almost every major European novelist of our times, the problem of personal disintegration and paralysis of action. The setting she has chosen for her moral disquisition is quite unusual: a warless Southern Italy of the late nineteenth or early twentieth century in which an amorphous lower middle class lives in constant dread of the poor and in the constant desire of gaining the favor of a few rich, decaying families. Unusual, too, are the rigorous exclusion of all ideological discussion, the embellishment with an introductory poem and a farewell epistle, and the richly melodramatic chapter descriptions. At first glance the novel would appear to be a belated realistic novel of the late nineteenth century. But it does not require much reading to become aware that the psychology which motivates the characters is completely, darkly modern, and that in using a somewhat dated setting and technique, the author has achieved a horror effect, like that sometimes provoked by a surrealist painting in which a familiar, everyday object is placed in an utterly incongruous position.

The story is told by Elisa, the young daughter of the heroine, who after the death of her parents and the prostitute friend who cared for her, is left alone in a Roman flat. There, trying to still constantly surging visions, dreams, and hallucinations, she undertakes to write down the history of her family. Aware that self-deceit destroyed her mother and father, she feels, nevertheless, that having had nothing else but those dreams, they could not be blamed. She, like the others of whom she writes, can only live alone in her room with her dreams of voices of the dead.

The characters she evokes are all very much alike. For all, self-deceit is the only adequate protection against outsiders: Elisa's mother, who goes out of her mind on learning of the death of her cousin, a wealthy, handsome nobleman she had wanted desperately to marry, and who collapses and dies soon after the accidental death of her husband, whom she does not love; Elisa's father, living with the illusion of being an intellectual, a person meant for a higher society; Rosaria, a prostitute, who is in love with the father, living only in the belief that he still loves her.

But lies are needed to protect the illusion, and sorcery to maintain these lies. And so the lives of all the characters become gradually indissolubly tangled, twisted, and slowly destroyed. Love, their only means of deliverance, is never possible for them; only sadism and Freudian complexes.

Regrettably, the tautness of the narrative is not matched by the plot, which becomes too involved, and one central character, the rich, aristocratic hero, who is oddly reminiscent of a Thomas Wolfe hero, remains hollow throughout. But if the reader will overlook these shortcomings, together with some lumpy translating, he will have gained a sobering insight into a process of slow human disintegration. It makes Zola jovial by comparison.

Truman Capote—"variety within the broad range."

Sunlit Gothic

THE GRASS HARP. By Truman Capote. New York: Random House. 181 pp. $2.75.

By OLIVER LA FARGE

IT IS a real pleasure to see a young author coming along who possesses change of pace; so many writers of all ages tend to carve eternally off the same joint, even after the meat has grown cold and dry, or even after there is nothing left there but scraps. Variety within the broad range of his genre on the part of a writer as able as Mr. Capote is something to welcome with cheers.

Mr. Capote's second novel, "The Grass Harp," remains within the extreme limits of what we call Gothic, but it is a sunlit Gothic, an aberrant form with a personality, an agreeable personality, entirely its own. I do not want to apply the word "fantasy" to this short book; it has more guts and more reality than that word generally suggests. It is not much more fantastic and, though not at all grandiose, no less real than "Light in August," for one example.

It employs a formula which seems to be almost standard among present-day Southern writers: the placing of a few extremely unusual if not downright fantastic characters against a background of closely observed, slightly caricatured, but recognizable and credible minor characters. The combination sets off a chemical reaction which cannot help but be deviant; the course of this reaction, the interactions of the sets of people and of the main characters among themselves, are studied realistically. This procedure's first effects upon the reader are a pleasant shock, the titillation of the incongruous, and, in this case, humor. Beneath these one finds human understanding and a portrait of yet another major figure, the community, coming out of the sum of the minor characterizations. When a work of this kind is planned as a tragedy, in the end the eccentrics will be destroyed by the "real" community; when, as in this case, the intent is comedy, in the end the reader enjoys the pleasure of witnessing the triumph of individuals over the group.

This story centers around the angry reaction of a drab, narrow community to five people who, for a variety of reasons, withdraw from it to take up residence of a sort in a tree-house in the neighboring woods. Mr. Capote makes the assemblage of the assorted five—three old, two young, three male, two female, four white, one Negro—

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quite reasonable. Once his story is rolling, its progress has the character of inevitability, which, since this is comedy, is not marred by his occasional, quite shameless use of coincidence.

Each of the principal characters is quite possible in himself. One at a time we have met their like as minor figures and background elements in standard fiction. What is unusual, as in so much of this school of writing, is their selection as major characters; the element of the fantastic enters with the juxtaposition of so many of them in one story.

Mr. Capote keeps his style beautifully under control. His story has elements of allegory, it expounds a rather simple, basic statement concerning the nature of love. As he never lets his style go overboard, so in his story as a whole he makes his way successfully past various dangers, avoiding the sweet sentimentality of Robert Nathan, the treacherously soft, green pastures of Saroyan, and the mere shock-value abnormality so common in Gothic. Odd characters, one of them what used to be called a "natural," are likely to have elements of decadence about them. In the beginning of this novel one does catch whiffs of the well-known Southern decay, but the book is not concerned with morbidity. It is a light, skilful, delightful story. It is, I repeat, sunlit Gothic.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 435

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 435 will be found in the next issue.

SLUUQLBO UOFOSMCOF L DLQU ZX FPOLUF, FZ RZQTON GPLG GPOK ALT TZG MO FODLULGON; ZXGOT SZHQTB QT ZDDZFQGO NQUOAGQZTF, KOG LCILKF DVTQFPQTB LTKZTO IPZ AZSOF MOGIOOT GPOS.

—FKNTOK FSQGP.

Answer to No. 434

Teetot'lers seem to die the same as others,
So what's the use of knocking off the beer.

—Alan P. Herbert.

Decay of Honesty

THE CELEBRITY. By Laura Z. Hobson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 308 pp. $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

LAURA HOBSON, author of "Gentleman's Agreement," "The Other Father," and other novels, has turned over a new leaf with "The Celebrity." This remarkable story is centered around an honest and talented writer who has turned out several novels admired by reviewers willing to give their attention to books they are aware will never reach the best-seller lists. Gregory John's attitude toward his work and his lack of success is admirable. He assumed that his latest novel, "The Good World," would have no more luck than its predecessors; all he wanted was enough income to go on writing and living in a minute flat in Greenwich Village with his wife and adolescent daughter. He was not counting on the Goddess Success, who occasionally taps the right man on the shoulder at the right time. Nor was his slightly shabby and quiescent publishing house counting on her either; in fact Digby & Brown had forgotten what a best seller looked like, though inadvertently proofs of "The Good World" had been sent to the Best Selling Books Club. It was accepted to resolve a deadlock among the judges and to make a rare obeisance to the arts. Immediately the wheels start rolling, bearing fame and wealth to Gregory John and finally a new icebox to his wife.

At this point the reader would be willing to bet that he could plot the course of Mr. John to the final tragedy which would doubtless involve divorce, moral collapse, alcohol, and suicide in Hollywood. Miss Hobson, however, has a more timely idea. Gregory John stays in his little apartment in the Village and turns over the enormous burdens of sudden celebrity to his brother, a reasonably competent advertising salesman with a curious streak in his nature which forces him to ask for no financial reward for his extensive services as literary agent and promotion director.

Gregory John with his wife Abby go to Hollywood to work on the scenario of "The Good World," and they take with them Thornton John and his wife. For once a popular writer earns the immense check handed to him every week. Gregory refuses to go to the colossal parties given for him, to lecture, or to speak at banquets. But Thornton has a glib tongue and is accepted in lieu of his famous brother. Fame touches his trembling ears and bowls him over. Before long he begins to think that his successful little talks on "My Brother Gregory" entitle him to be a celebrity on his own and even to have a mild affair with a glamorous actress.

—*Yvonne.*

Laura Z. Hobson—"a new leaf."

The only worry the Gregory Johns have is centered in Hat, the daughter whom they have left behind and whose letters indicate that she has fallen in love, and maybe worse, with a dreadful young man. When Gregory's work is over they dash back to New York, get her back into school, and take her to a ranch out West in the first car the Johns have ever owned. Unhappily the girl cannot help telling everyone, including clerks in bookstores, that she is her father's daughter. She becomes a snob by proxy. Thornton and his wife, his publisher, and other assorted nuisances with their eyes on the cash involved in a runaway book, a movie, and a Broadway hit, live on his reputation, steal honor from the silent man, and yet curiously take nothing from him.

In the last scene Success is still on the job. Although Gregory's new book is about African aborigines, the judges of the Best Selling Books Club are again deadlocked.

"The Celebrity" is obviously satirical as well as humorous. Fame in the modern world, the author believes, is simply having people—from waiters to clerks in stores—know your name; for that accolade they will surrender their dignity and their honor, even if their own names are known only in relation to someone. So while Hiss Hobson's novel is neither hortatory nor monitory, it delivers a brightly packaged lesson on the decay of manners and honesty in the modern world.

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Ultima Thule

THE UTMOST ISLAND. By Henry Myers. New York: Crown Publishers. 216 pp. $3.

By EDMUND FULLER

IF YOUR first memories of the world of legend are like mine, Ultima Thule was a name potent in conjuring up the sense of wonder and mystery of the far-off place hazily understood. Now Henry Myers takes the "utmost island" of Iceland, one of the traditional identities of Ultima Thule, and weaves a fresh, fascinating tale about it.

The freshness derives from the quality of his telling, for the tale itself is old indeed, being the story of Leif Ericsson and his voyage to Wineland, or New-found-land, and home again, and the whys and wherefores thereof. Not since "I, Claudius," perhaps, has anyone greeted us with so highly distinctive, utterly individual an approach to a story of ancient times. The proof of it is that as you read Mr. Myers's story you are struck by its special qualities, yet unable to imagine it being told to you in any other way.

It is around the year 1000, and the background to give the tale its sense is a portentous change coming to all northern lands. The gods are dying. Odin and Thor and Freya and Lok (the bringer of Good Lok) are doomed. Asgard, their seat of godhood, has burned. The last battle, Ragnarok, has been fought and lost. The serpent Ormungunder, who once had held the world together, still lies at the sea-bottom, but the god who cast him there is dethroned. The ravens Hugin and Munin will fly no more with news for the All-Father.

The Christians have come. Mr. Myers takes a dim, though philosophical, view of this change, and entertainingly so through his distilled lessons in comparative religion, and the barbarisms in which a new faith and an old are very little apart.

Myers has an easy narrative method which achieves an effect not unlike that of storyteller and hearers around a common fire. So, with the inherent spell of this method, he creates the tale, but lets us be outside of it as well, so that he may comment upon it objectively. It's hard to do, but he does it completely.

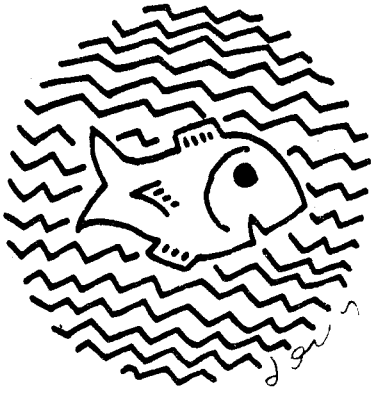
"Wonders today," he will say to us, "are less amazing because there is less amazement," and then he leads us into "the final stronghold of wonder." He performs semantic miracles for us, opening up the door of ideas by speaking of "the fatal secret called 'knowing better,'" or by relating how it is that you *give* your word, then redeem it as promised, and get it back so that you have *kept* your word. "A word was never broken until Christianity came and changed 'keeping your word' to 'telling the truth,' which was an entirely different thing and almost impossible to do." Or he will tell us how Aegir, the Sea, would let voyagers grow over-confident, "readier to fall into traps that were always being planned in his crazy, green mind."

Among the joys of the book are the copious and magnificent songs and rhymes. They have marvelous cadences (and a variety of them) and often shout themselves audibly into the ear, when read, as:

Odin and Villi and Vay,
They say,
Found nothing but darkness and snow,
And so
They filled it with beauty, and then,
My men,
Created a female and male.
Wassail!

The Skraelings (Eskimos) had no past. Their tales of ancient times were told in the present tense, and all ended not with *what he did* but with *What will you do?* And this is how the tale of an earlier Icelander visit to Greenland brought near destruction to Lief's party and forced them to seek the unknown goal that became Wineland. And that voyage led not only westward, but backward, through centuries, to an earlier era — the Stone Age, about which Mr. Myers (and I) feel kindly.

"The Utmost Island" is not a long book, yet it is hard to celebrate its rarities briefly. It must be read, for it bristles with delights. I have not even talked of the saga of Olaf Trygvesson, or of his priestly servant, Theobrand. Some — but only some — of the essence of the book is in the mood of Lief in a poignant moment at the end of an idyl. "Leaving the grove of trees behind him, he entered the modern age."



Fiction Notes

DAYS OF A HIRELING. By John Gilland Brunini. Lippincott. $3. The title of this novel is derived from Job: "The life of man upon earth is a warfare, and his days are like the days of a hireling." These words are used by a priest at the end of the story to remind Hilary, the principal character, that life was a constant facing up to things. And certainly, as recounted here, Hilary's life had been just that, owing chiefly to the fact that Hilary was a man who always tried to do the right thing. His problem seems to have been the difficulty of always knowing what was right and what was wrong, a difficulty so many sincere men encounter from day to day. Hilary's problem is a problem apparently faced by liberal Catholics whose faith in liberalism extends to taking on Protestant or surfacely Catholic wives in the conviction that such marriages will pan out. Hilary had married Miriam, whom he had chivalrously rescued from an impossible mother. Miriam, however, had divorced him, bringing confusion to his mind and soul. Later he fell in love with Eleanor, who also was not of his faith. Eleanor, however, fearing his Catholic complexes in spite of her love, refused him and married someone else. This only further unsettled him. At this time Hilary's greatest interest in life was the liberal Catholic weekly, in whose work he figured prominently. At this time, too, David Brett, the chief promoter and editor of the weekly, who also supplied the bulk of the funds, died, leaving a financial problem on the hands of Hilary and his colleagues. Hilary's chief consoler was Jean, who gave all her energy and effort to Catholic charities. She was a good companion, but not his love. The return of Eleanor, now widowed, from Italy, added to the complications of Hilary's life. How Hilary, a man of principle, resolved his personal problem, is the burden of Mr. Brunini's story. Mr. Brunini tells the story well on the whole, though at times his prose becomes a little turgid. —JOHN COURNOS.

MOTHER OF THE GROOM. By Harriet Fitts Ryan. Longmans, Green. $2.50. Although it is obvious that Mrs. Ryan's title was chosen with the hopes of hitching a ride on the bandwagon of Edward Streeter's "Father of the Bride," it is a logical choice for the presentation of the case of what seems, judging from the disparity of the attention paid to the principals of a wedding party, the Forgotten Man and

(*Continued on page* 34)

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One Sunday Afternoon

IT DIDN'T seem like Sunday. The sun was strong and the sky was blue and open, but nothing else made it seem like Sunday. No parks to stroll in; no people on porches working their way through the big Sunday newspapers; no baseball or football games to go to or read about; no brightly dressed children holding hands on their way home from church. It was Sunday in Korea.

What you did on this Sunday afternoon in Korea depended on who you were. If you were a soldier you fought or you waited. If you were an aviator you flew your sorties or you waited. If you were a Korean you trudged or you waited. War is mostly a business of waiting. While the action lasts it seems like forever, but the action comes mostly in hot, shattering spurts.

Because of the sheer accident of a birthdate, I was not a soldier in Korea.

Because of the sheer accident of a birthplace, I was not a Korean. I did not have to move along the hard, rutted roads, a bundle of family belongings strapped to my back—moving slowly in a vast procession of hollow-faced and bewildered people who were homeless in their own homeland.

These accidents enabled me to stand on the sidelines as a spectator, close enough to the tragedy to touch it with my hands, yet free to move as far away from it as I might wish. In all essential respects my credentials in the human family were no different from those of the Koreans; but a little slip of paper in my coat pocket endowed me with the magic of exemption and option. This slip of paper enabled me to obtain such food as I might require; it made it possible for me to find lodging; it even authorized me to fly out of this hell. For the Koreans the hell was sealed-in, universal, absolute.

Hell in this case had its headquarters in the public square in front of the Taegu railroad station. Thousands of the homeless had been converging on this square. Some of them had just come from the open box cars of the freight train that had carried them into Taegu. They had been shoveled into the box cars like gravel, spilling over the ends and the sides, and then shoveled out again at Taegu. They were funneled through one side of the open terminal where other Koreans who were accredited for the purpose would work them over with spray guns filled with DDT. Not much was left of the human dignity we talked so much about at home; but it was probably better to submit to the temporary indignity of a delousing spray gun than to the continuing indignity of its cause.

I threaded my way across the square and walked towards the bridge leading to the outskirts of the city. Bullock carts moved far to one side to make way for the lorries. On the banks of the thin, muddy river people squatted as they worked on their soapless laundry, beating the dirt out of clothing with thick sticks or swinging the wet clothes against large, smooth rocks. A new industry had come to Taegu with the United Nations Army—one-day laundry service. Up and down the main streets of the city I had seen freshly painted signs proclaiming the conversion of many of the city's businesses. "Good Washes Please" or "Clothes Quick Wash Back" or "Washe U Waite Nowe" were some of the new shingles.

Not far from the bridge, on a gently rising slope, was a large area marked off by a white picket fence. In the center the fence parted for a small gateway, on the top of which in freshly painted blue-and-white letters a sign read: "United Nations Military Cemetery." Beyond that were white crosses—maybe a thousand, maybe two thousand; it was hard to tell. Dozens of Korean laborers were at work over the graves, disinterring the recently buried coffinless bodies in their disintegrating shrouds. The level of each grave was being raised from six to two feet. The reason for it, I learned, was that we were preparing against the possibility that we might have to evacuate Taegu and we wanted to take our war dead with us.

A military truck drove up. The driver, a sergeant, got out slowly, then spoke to the officer in charge of the cemetery. The officer walked over to the back of the truck, peered in, lowered his eyes, and called over some of the Koreans. The truck contained the naked bodies of ten American soldiers who had been ambushed only a few miles north of the cemetery. The sergeant had spotted them and picked them up. The Koreans helped the officer in charge and the sergeant as they lifted the bodies from the truck and placed them on a large canvas inside the gateway. The bodies had been stripped. Even the wrist identification tags had been removed. Some of the bodies had been badly riddled with bullets, torn open and fragmented. One or two were without visible marks, strangely serene and detached from the raw, red cutting edges of war. And now the bodies were to be scientifically processed for identification.

ANOTHER truck drove up. A tall, red-headed driver called out and asked the officer-in-charge where he could find the cemetery list. He was told that the list was on file at Eighth United States Army Headquarters in Taegu. I was going back that way and asked for a lift. We rode together in silence for a moment or so as the big jeep bounced and banged in and out of the deep dirt ruts.

"Third cemetery I've checked on this week," he said. "Kid brother got killed somewhere around here six weeks ago. Folks wrote to me, asking did I know where the grave was and would I stand in front of it for them and put some flowers on it for the family. All I can do is stop when I see a cemetery and look at the list. So far, nothing. Maybe I find something this time."

I stared hard at the half-dozen bullet holes in the windshield.

"Most of those are about a week old," he said. "I wasn't driving then. Fellow driving got it that night. Two drivers before him got it too. Nowhere near the front lines. It's like those kids stretched out there on that canvas. You never know where it's coming from. Drive on a road at night—any road, even this one, then suddenly the hot lead starts pouring in. We drive

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up from Pusan to Taegu on roads that are supposed to be cleared out, then there's a short burst of gunfire, two trucks go haywire, and by the time we fan out to find out where it came from the place is empty."

Overhead, six thunderjets in formation were eating up the sky. When the heavy sound subsided, the driver looked over at me and asked whether I had just come from the States. I nodded.

"I been reading an awful lot of rhubarb about us in the newspapers and magazines," he said. "Seems the folks back home are worried about our morale. Some of them are saying that all this arguing about bombing China or not bombing China, and this business between the President and the Old Man, all this is supposed to hurt our morale.

"Nuts. That ain't what's bothering us," he continued. "Bomb China, don't bomb China—that's for the brass to worry about—and we're not trying to second guess anybody. Don't worry about our morale. Ain't nothing that's hurting it except what we read about what's going on back home."

"Such as?"

"Brother, you kiddin'? You don't mean to tell me you don't know what I'm talking about. Lissen, what's getting us down is, do the people back home know there's a war on? We can read. We see the big magazines. We get the newspapers. You can't kid us about what's happening. We're the fellows that are being shot up and we want to know whether we're just the fall guys or whether anyone at home is giving, too. And, brother, if you just came from there you know everyone's not giving. Can't even get enough goddam blood to fill the tubes. But there's plenty of money around at home and plenty of hot times and the lid's off and who gives a damn if a few guys are grabbed off and shipped out to this mucked-up place?

"This is supposed to be a police action, it says here. Just a cosy little police action. Well, they've got some live ammunition out here and these kids are catching it, and we don't want to have this party all by ourselves. So we're going to be the big heroes! Nuts! Was my kid brother a big hero? Who knows outside of me and the family what happened to him? Who gives a damn? You only get big heroes to feel they're heroes if there's something that connects up, something that makes a doughface feel everyone is in it with him, and until the shooting's over everyone's part of the show and we'll get the damned thing over with by putting everything into it. Now, goddammit, tell me I should feel all connected up with everyone else at home and they're connected up with me and I'll laugh in your face."

I said nothing. There was nothing to say. I didn't believe that the people at home were "connected up" with the war in Korea. Yes, we were concerned, but it didn't burn into us and become real. It wasn't more important than the things we wanted to do or buy or the size of our salaries or income or the things that absorbed our interest. Sure, somewhere deep down inside there was an unhappy and uncomfortable feeling about it, but there were too many other things to think about. Maybe this is just the way people act when the trouble is at a distance. Maybe not until each person can be taken by the hand and brought to Korea and set down alongside a truckload of empty bodies ripped open by dynamite and lead will we be able to "connect up."

* * *

THERE was a lot to think about that Sunday afternoon in Korea and a lot to think about since. We weren't "connecting up" in ways other than the failure to give our soldiers the spiritual satisfaction that comes from knowing they have a team in depth behind them. We weren't connecting up with the Korean people. There was no dramatic outpouring of conscience for the several millions of Korean refugees. On a more fundamental level, we weren't connecting up with history itself.

There is general recognition today that if a United Nations army of substantial numbers had been in existence before June 1950 there might have been no Korea. Yet when the world was faced with the need and opportunity to connect up in just that way at San Francisco in 1945, we weren't willing to do it if it meant losing sovereignty. And so we kept our sovereignty at San Francisco and are losing lives in Korea today. And even now we are failing to connect up with the very lessons we should be learning from the 85,000 Korean casualties who are our teachers. Are we willing to come before the United Nations and propose the creation of a mighty force, recruited not on a voluntary basis but on a compulsory basis? Are we willing to propose the transformation of the United Nations into an organization with binding obligations under a rule of law?

It will not do to say that the Russians would never connect up with such a proposal. That is no doubt true. But we are already in Korea under United Nations sanction to crush Communist aggression. Is there any reason why that sanction cannot be broadened to whatever extent is necessary to make it adequate? If the lawbreaker demurs, are the others to embrace lawlessness? Isn't it possible that our best chance of connecting up with the present crisis is to convince the lawbreaker that such preponderance as the free world now enjoys will not be frittered away? That this preponderance will be consolidated under law directed at the creation and preservation of true peace under justice? That such an organization is open to all those who accept its obligations, and is constructive and affirmative in character, and will invoke force only to forestall or combat the use of force? That it will be strong enough to assure the security of all those who embrace its principles?

This is a franchise for survival which any nation truly desiring peace should be anxious to consider.

What is said here is not intended as an indictment of our political leaders of whatever party. The democratic faith is based not so much on the assumption of leadership from the top as it is upon the wisdom and conscience of the many and the groundswell generated thereby. When this groundswell becomes manifest there will be a magnificent connecting up, between man and his governors, and, what is more important, between man and man.

—N. C.

Antennae

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

AS WHEN within the forest
Trees thunder to the ground
If there is none to hear them

There never is a sound,
Is it the same with beauty,
Does some eye have to see
The crimson petal blowing

Before its bloom can be?
And must each soul inhabit
The memory of one
Or vanish, lost forever
In oblivion?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

School-Citizen Relationships

SIR: I am not a professional letter writer, but I want you to know how much I and my friends approve the batch of articles [*SRL* Sept. 8] on the experiences of six communities in dealing with school-citizen relationships. What I particularly applaud is, first, the qualifications of those who wrote the articles, and, second, the fact that the articles so dovetail as to present a clear picture of so many facets of the problem. Certainly a careful reading of that issue of your magazine should give people in any community innumerable ideas as to how to handle their own educational problems.

ROBERT H. MACMURPHEY.
Vice President,
Henry Holt & Co.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Because of a long-time interest in education and my activities as chairman of the school committee in the city of Newton, Massachusetts, I have been much concerned over the unprincipled criticism and virulent attacks that have been made in some places on the public schools. Consequently I read the Education Issue with the keenest interest and wish to compliment you highly on presenting a locally reported story in each of six communities that have experienced attacks. I am bound to say that this is just like *The Saturday Review of Literature* to be forthright in demonstrating concern in matters of important public policy.

JAMES B. PALMER.

West Newton, Mass.

SIR: Genuine friends of the American schools appreciate deeply the enlightening articles in the annual Education Issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* dealing with school-citizen relationships. The meaningful experiences of these communities well illustrate the wise words of Lincoln, "Let the people know the facts and . . ."

LOWE BERGER.
Vice President,
The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR: The purpose of this letter is to commend you and your associates for your splendid Education Issue. Both the articles and the reviews will call to the attention of your readers the serious problems that confront the school teachers and school administrators of this country. It is a downright shame that the public-school teachers, principals, and superintendents have had so many suspicions cast upon them during the past several years. For almost twenty years I have been associated intimately with the public schools of this country from coast to coast; and it is my honest opinion that we have no other group in America that is doing more service to our country. I thoroughly believe that the American public school is the most human and hopeful institution in the land. Unfortunately, there has been a feeling of insecurity, largely financial, pervading this entire group for as long as I have known them. Until now they have been at least free from accusations of subversiveness and treason. These unfounded accusations now add a further category of insecurity to make their lives that much more difficult.

DENNIS O'SHEA.
Education Department,
Rand McNally & Co.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: My hearty congratulations on the issue of *The Saturday Review* on education. You have rendered a real service by calling attention to the nature of the attacks being made on education. I thought the entire issue was excellent.

HOLLIS L. CASWELL,
Dean, Teachers College,
Columbia University.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: As a representative of one of the larger educational publishers and as a citizen I want to express my deep appreciation of the contribution to the cause of public education made by your Education Issue.

I realize that attacks on textbooks in the cities discussed and elsewhere are only a small part of the concerted attacks on public education by certain self-appointed critics. Unfortunately, these attacks are taken seriously by some people who do not understand the motives of the attacks.

There is no such thing as a perfect textbook. Every publisher and author should welcome constructive criticism. But, to put it on no higher ground, it would be fatal to their own business interests if they introduced "subversive" doctrines in any textbook. No responsible textbook publisher would tolerate the inclusion in his books of propaganda aimed at undermining our system of government.

Your issue on the public-school crisis will, I am sure, clarify this question for thousands of people.

F. A. RICE.
President, Ginn and Co.

Boston, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I've been hearing about this cotton gin of yours, Mr. Whitney—now there's a drink I'd certainly like to taste."

Thomas Mann's Sources

SIR: I am very grateful to Mr. Siegfried Mandel for his friendly appreciation of my study "Mimesis" [LETTERS, *SRL* Sept. 29]. But the idea that Thomas Mann should have mentioned me, along with Hartmann von Aue, as an inspirer of his novel "The Holy Sinner" seems to me somewhat surprising. As far as I can see, Mr. Mann has borrowed nothing from my book but a few Old French quotations which, after all, he could have found as well in the Old French original works. That is also the opinion of my colleague H. J. Weigand, who has made a careful study of Mann's sources, to be published next February and April in the *Germanic Review*.

May I add that "Mimesis" is not being translated by Gilbert Highet for Yale University Press, but by Willard R. Trask for the Bollingen Foundation. It will probably be published by Princeton University Press.

ERICH AUERBACH.

New Haven, Conn.

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Seeing Things

NO MOANING AT THE BAR

MUNRO LEAF has for some time been persuading the very young (at least so long as his books are in their hands) that arithmetic, geography, and even good manners can be fun. In Mr. Leaf's considerate fashion but with adults and homicide in mind, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have written "Remains to Be Seen."* By picking up as dramatists where as producers they left off ten years ago with Joseph Kesselring's "Arsenic and Old Lace," they are once again proving that murder can not only be fun but funny. They have written a thriller which is a farce. Although it has its shuddery scenes and its ingenious twists, its sole aim (and a very commendable one, if you ask me) is to provide entertainment. It does this by standing the usual "whodunit" on its gory head and by extracting laughter as readily from a killing as ever Jaques found tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

To turn a cadaver into a successful joke, to make merry with death, and wring comedy from a medical examiner's gruesome task require skill and originality. Both of these Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse possess in abundance. If "Remains to Be Seen" is no great shakes as a play, if it is slow in starting and strains at moments to keep going, it is to my way of thinking more than acceptable, if only it is accepted on its own terms. It has its uproariously funny and inventive interludes. It includes its admirable performances. Moreover, there is upon it throughout that touch of informed and blessed professionalism which is far more uncommon on Broadway's professional stages than is commonly believed.

By the oldest law of the theatre's jungle the solution of a murder-mystery play is a secret better kept than Washington's most confidential information. Yet surely it can—indeed, must—be revealed that the man who has been done in before the first curtain's rise in "Remains to Be Seen" is a person whose passing does not create a void. He is a widely unloved old meanie; a hypocritical crusader who, though he has attacked dirty books in public, has collected and drooled over them in private. Since everyone, or nearly everyone, who has known him has hated him with reason, his dying commands no sympathy.

Tempted as I am to disclose the unorthodox manner in which this good riddance has been achieved, I find myself silenced by Shubert Alley's strict code of honor. Certainly, however, it is fair to hint at some of the unexpected ways in which Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse have pushed the ordinary materials of a thriller-diller around to make "Remains to Be Seen" more laughable than lurid.

Among these count a medical examiner with a greater interest in a fight being shown on TV than in the body he is duty-bound to examine in the next room. A cop who is unable to tear himself away from one of the more explicit volumes in the dead man's library. An hilarious curtain at the end of the first act, but don't ask me what it is. A dignified older lawyer who makes it clear that some youth is left in him by shyly demonstrating he has been taking lessons at Arthur Murray's. The opening paragraphs of the "Memoirs of Fanny Hill" being read aloud as innocently as if they were "Pollyanna" to a drowsing girl by a young man who plainly has never heard about the bees and the flowers, and whose only passion so far has been playing drums. Yes, and as a heroine, a cyclonic redhead who thinks that all —or most—of life is centered in the orchestra with which she travels as a singer from one tanktown to another.

THESE are but a few samples, drearily catalogued, of Mr. Lindsay's and Mr. Crouse's agreeably goofy approach to the grimness of murder. That occasionally the results are labored, that the monkeyshines sometimes suffer by being repeated too often, and that more policemen crowd the stage than are needed, I no more deny than I can pretend that "Remains to Be Seen" is as inspired in combining life-taking with laughter as was "Arsenic and Old Lace." Nevertheless, I must admit that it gave me a lot of welcome laughs. I found Janis Paige, the newcomer from Hollywood who plays the somewhat Judy Holliday role of the band-singer, a young woman of extraordinary vitality, easy to look at, and giving the kind of deft and assured performance of which a star of many years' standing could be proud. I do not see how anyone could be better than Jackie Cooper as the naive hotel manager who can make the drums talk. And I have never seen Howard Lindsay better, subtler, or more ingratiating than he is as the sedate lawyer who begins for Kinsey reasons to be as interested in bands as he is in Blackstone.

The last thing that "Remains to Be Seen" is or was intended to be is a problem play. Yet, as I gather from

Howard Lindsay, Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper "audiences lap it up."

*REMAINS TO BE SEEN, a comedy-thriller by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Directed by Bretaigne Windust. Setting by Raymond Sovey. Presented by Leland Hayward. With a cast including Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, Howard Lindsay, Warner Anderson, Karl Lukas, Ross Hertz, Paul Lipson, Harry Shaw Lowe, Madeleine Morka, Kirk Brown, etc. At the Morosco Theatre. Opened October 3, 1951.

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEATRE, W. 44 ST.
Evgs. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

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IN
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OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
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in
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with ELLIOTT REID
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MARK HELLINGER THEA. B'way at 51 St. Mats. Wed.-Sat.

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in
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ALAN HEWITT
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Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
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a few of the solemn reviews it received, it does raise its critical problems. Obviously, it is what is known in the trade as an "audience" rather than a "critics'" show. And audiences, I am told, lap it up. I do not have in mind the first-night audience, which was on the chilly side. I mean general audiences. That the farce is nonsense is nothing against it. It was meant to be precisely that. That is its point, its fun, its whole and healthy purpose.

There is no quarreling with opinions. Playgoers, including critics, fortunately continue to enjoy in this country the right to like or dislike what is set before them. Naturally, having been amused by Mr. Lindsay's and Mr. Crouse's antic, I favor the numerous reviewers who were also amused by it. My quarrel with those of my confreres who did not happen to enjoy "Remains to Be Seen" is not with their opinions but with the almost angry solemnity with which they discussed it. George Jean Nathan long ago divided the gunfire of dramatic criticism into two irreconcilable categories—Krupp and pop. To me it has always seemed that this division is not as final as Mr. Nathan believed, inasmuch as there are times when the same critic, if displeased, should bring up his heavy artillery and other times when he should rely on his popgun.

The time to bring up the big guns of criticism for defense or offense is when big plays or plays pretending to be big are under discussion. To fire howitzers and mortars at so light and giddy an offering as "Remains to Be Seen" strikes me as the height of critical folly and unfairness. More than representing an unwise squandering of ammunition, it indicates a sense of values and a sense of humor temporarily misplaced.

There were those among his acquaintances who used to complain that Charles Lamb was always trying to be funny. Elia's answer, a perfect and a silencing one, was that trying to be funny was at least as good as trying to be dull. It is everyone's prerogative to laugh or not to laugh at a joke. Yet certainly nothing is more alien to the sweet cause of laughter or to humor itself than to try to explain in sober terms why you have not enjoyed a joke. Even trying to explain why you have is a business equally dull and smileless.

I thank Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse for seeking to write a funny play rather than a dull one. I thank them the more because I happened to find it funny, as did many of my fellow reviewers and as I am confident will countless theatregoers whose understandable search is for diversion.

— JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Overture: The Rasslers

By David McCord

THE built-in twilight
And the mazda moons
Predict the best cigars.
Sound moves delectably through filtered air,
Absorbed and processed into silence. Eyes
Swivel easily from tone to tone.
Chromatic cushions check the ultra-something.

Perfect room, prime ruminants.
The plexiform condition
Of the mind is good. O
Plenty valence, plenty pousse-café.
Waldo, the half gods have arrived!

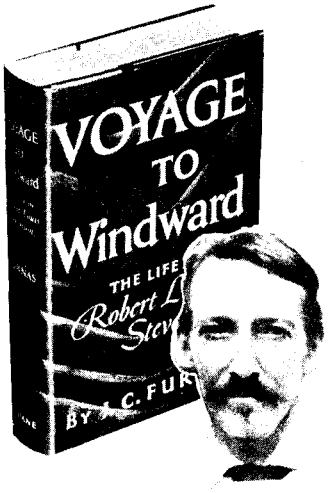
A few more chairs,
Late guest unguessed,
Exchange of stares,
Coughing suppressed,
Crescendo of cool sound-trapped consequential
Voices, blended silk, the clear
Havanas uncompressed.
Quite so. Lights! Quiet!
Here we go.

A wrist turns twenty-five degrees,
The fingers six.
Scent: Chanel 5.
Sight: Channel 9.
The pebble falls, the water stills.
The dripping image sobers to the life
A thick skin scanned.
The window fills,
A thick voice takes command.

Awake, my soul! Awake! A
What? Chartreuse? Green? Yellow?
No. Drambuie? Thank you,
Yes. O choice sublime cigar!
The mere, so far
So welcome, change from Met
To Mat on ground glass screen:
The metamataphysical scene.

Stars rise. Whose faith
Was earlier up? Half
Dark, half dream, half
Nelson, half the cream
Of cauliflowered ear, of
Barrel-chesty leer,
Biceps and sponsor's beer.
On clear white-ash cigar we bar
No holds. Time like a rose unfolds.
Two petals fall.
Two maulers maul.
Under the previewed skies
The night wind grunts and cries.
Two stallers stall.
Sharp eolithic eyes
Gleam through selective smoke
In a cave of the cave men-folk
Who prearranged it all
On pictographic wall.

"A completely satisfying biography"*



THE finest, most readable, and most unusual biography of the year seems to be J. C. Furnas's book about Robert Louis Stevenson, who once said, "I like biography better than fiction myself." The advance response to early copies has been more enthusiastic than anything we can remember in a long time. It is a book which has fascinated and delighted many of the best writers—who are also often the best readers—of our time. Here is a representative sampling of their reactions:

MAXWELL ANDERSON, *Pulitzer Prize playwright and author of* OFF BROADWAY: "The book is firm, flashing, informed, reliable and alive. Written by a man who knows about style but who also knows that the facts are the important thing."

* **THOMAS B. COSTAIN,** *Novelist and historian, author of* THE CONQUERORS: "Here at last is a completely satisfying biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, a colorful book about the master of color."

FERRIS GREENSLET, *Publisher, author, editor of* THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR: "Furnas has done a noble job! Global yet meticulous research, human understanding, a nice critical sense, and a way with words have united to make it truly and completely *evocative*."

WALTER PHELPS HALL, *Historian and teacher, author of* MR. GLADSTONE: "It is a long time since I have read such a definitive, yet fascinating biography."

FLETCHER PRATT, *Historian, novelist and biographer, author of* PREBLE'S BOYS: "Something quite new, not only as biography, but as nonfiction. I have spent the evenings of most of a week reading it because I didn't want to miss a word or an idea, and believe me, I didn't know so many ideas could be conveyed to the running type line of narrative form."

JOHN MASON BROWN, *Dramatic critic, author:* "By all odds the best biography of R. L. S. yet to have appeared."—*Saturday Review.*

MARQUIS JAMES, *Journalist, editor, Pulitzer Prize Winner, author of* ANDREW JACKSON, THE BORDER CAPTAIN: "Scholarship without ostentation and good, clean writing without putting on the dog. Furnas makes you feel that you are in a room with Robert Louis Stevenson—and that is no minor privilege."

WALTER DORWIN TEAGUE, *Author and industrial designer:* "Will be read by thousands now and for many years to come. Great biographies are rare, and this definitely is one."

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SRL Goes to the Movies

HEIL FELLOW WELL MET

DURING the final stages of World War II the crumbling of the Third Reich was accompanied by interior plots and counterplots that would have been too fantastic to believe had not solid doses of documentary evidence come along to establish their actuality. Had the plans to get rid of Hitler succeeded it is highly likely that Field Marshal Erwin Rommel would have taken his place, in order to appeal to the Allies for reasonable armistice terms. Desmond Young's "Rommel: The Desert Fox" built up a convincing case for the relative purity of Germany's most successful soldier, and gave some fascinating details about the forced suicide of the former favorite of Hitler's and his strange burial with full hero's honors. It is stuff such as movies are made of, and Twentieth Century's "The Desert Fox" re-creates a good deal of what Brigadier Young described in his book.

This motion-picture canonization of an enemy general may have some repercussions of protest, if only on principle, but the producer-writer Nunnally Johnson and the director Henry Hathaway have trod gingerly, presenting the outlines of the case in a carefully noncommittal way, so that what argument might arise would revolve around whether the subject should have been treated at all. Basically it is the story of a commander who fought for his country with great gallantry, with faith in its leadership and, when that faith was gone, discovered that virtual treason was preferable to blind following. He did all that a soldier could and when defeat became obvious worked to preserve some honor in capitulation and some vestiges of the German nation. For this he paid with his life.

Almost the entire British general staff, in addition to Winston Churchill, has publicly saluted Rommel as a "brave, chivalrous, and skilful opponent"; American military leaders have abstained from this praise. Eisenhower, for instance, could see nothing rational, so far as this war was concerned, in the tradition that all professional soldiers are comrades-in-arms. Love of a fight, a sense of duty did not become admirable when employed on behalf of a "completely evil conspiracy." Desmond Young (and the movie also) credits Rommel with a fairly simple soldier's mentality, with no flair for political thinking. However, it does seem to me singular that Rommel, supposedly, only became aware of murder camps, mass extermination, and other Nazi refinements at the late date of 1943, when it was apparent to his astute *military* mind that the war was already lost. The human side of his nature seemed to awaken very suddenly. The opportunity for him to resign his commission, if he had been opposed to Hitler's policies, had existed for a long time previously. Brave, chivalrous, clever, as he undoubtedly was, the stink of guilt by association still must hover about his memory.

This the movie does little to make clear, concentrating rather on the soldier's problem of what to do about his commander-in-chief when he was obviously making poor military decisions. So here is another case of Hollywood's benighted treatment of large political and human questions. Perhaps the film will have some value in offering the German people a more wholesome hero-martyr than Hitler or any of his companions, by showing that some decency of feeling still existed among the general putrefaction. In addition, as played by James Mason with a noticeably theatrical tinge, we see Rommel only in defeat (his victories, his artful dodging are merely hinted at), worrying with dignity about problems of soldier morality. But another begging of the explosive question, since the fame and the legend of Rommel came from desert battles. I cannot join Brigadier Young in shedding tears over this "tragic" case, but he did at least attempt to show as much as possible of the picture.

However, movie-wise, what is here is

James Mason as the Desert Fox (center)—". . . guilt by association."

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often absorbing. The treatment is episodic, but the staging of selected episodes in Rommel's career has been done with skill. None of the characterizations in particularly full-blooded, except that of Leo G. Carroll as Von Rundstedt — a fine piece of acting here — but Luther Adler's Hitler is a ham's concept of the Führer, not evil, but a clown as phony as the putty nose Adler wears. The performances of Jessica Tandy as Rommel's wife and Cedric Hardwicke as an anti-Nazi conspirator are restrained, but little more can be said for them. In the case of these accomplished people, it must be the script that is at fault. Yet, looking at the script, one can say that it does stay remarkably close to facts, that it engages in a few heroics, and that the faults lie not so much with what has been written *in* than with what has been written out.

* * *

"The Magic Face" is another matter entirely, for Columbia's attempt to portray the German side of the war is sensationalized hokum — hokum, by the way, that is at least half vouched for by no less a personage than William L. Shirer, who is the commentator for the movie. The message here is that it wasn't really Hitler who crashed Germany around his ears, but an impersonator, an actor whose wife was used by Hitler for certain intimate pleasures. Thus Hitler is winning the war until this putty-nosed fellow comes on the scene (Luther Adler again!); he murders Hitler, neatly slides into his place, and thereupon proceeds to direct the war in reverse. Allied victories? A complete mirage. Hitler's impersonator planned it that way.

When the invasion of England needed only the pushing of a button, Mr. Adler decided upon the Russian campaign instead. Declaration of war upon America? Adler's doing. And on, and on. Final scene: the phony Hitler, removes mustache and nose and shows who he really is to the wife who has been hanging around that underground shelter with him. She screams. It just goes to show you what a man will do because of a woman.

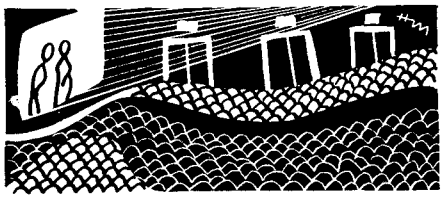
More important, it also shows you that the Allies wouldn't have had a chance if the real Hitler had been in there pitching for Germany. Anybody seen Goebbels around lately? This is very close to the kind of alibi he might have dreamed up.

—Hollis Alpert.

SRL Recommends

The Lavender Hill Mob: Alec Guinness as probably the world's most lovable bank robber. (*SRL* Oct. 13.)

No Highway in the Sky: Comedy about



an aeronautical scientist with domestic and plane problems made enjoyable by competence of James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, and Glynis Johns. (*SRL* Oct. 6.)

The Day the Earth Stood Still: An emissary from a league of planets saucers over to Washington to curb the earth's potential menace to universal harmony. (*SRL* Oct. 6.)

The Red Badge of Courage: A translation of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic into what may well become a classic of twentieth-century American film making. Masterfully directed by John Huston; with Audie Murphy and cartoonist Bill Mauldin. (*SRL* Sept. 29.)

***Los Olvidados* (*The Forgotten Ones*)**: Incidents uncovered and vouched for by Mexican penal and educational authorities. An angry film—not for the sensitive stomach, but important. (*SRL* Sept. 15.)

The Medium: Gian-Carlo Menotti opera filmed in Italy and directed by the composer with knowing artistry. Marie Powers and Leo Coleman of original cast, plus "find," Anna Maria Alberghetti. (*SRL* Sept. 8.)

A Place in the Sun: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee Williams's prize-winning drama remolded for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

The Well: A screenplay about a little colored girl who falls into an abandoned well, told with excitement, dignity, and common sense. (*SRL* Sept. 22.)

Captain Horatio Hornblower: All of the gusto, sweep, and color of the C. S. Forester series preserved in Technicolor. (*SRL* July 7.)

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TV and Radio

DIALOGUE FOR A MILESTONE

WHEN THE microwave radio relay system which transmits television programs from coast to coast was formally opened last month, I was in England in connection with the BBC broadcast of an American radio program known as "The Big Show."

It's a long way to go to write a radio script, but there was some quaint notion that sending this hour-and-a-half extravaganza to London might endear us to the British, or at least be construed as a token of the friendship which exists between this nation and the mother-in-law country.

As it turned out, unfortunately, one of Britain's popular buffoons refused an invitation to appear, and when he wasn't represented on the program the patience of the English was sorely taxed. They just wouldn't go for taxation without representation.

So for that I missed the dedication ceremonies when another milestone in the history of communications was reached in this country. The highlight of the ceremony, according to a report in the August 18 *New York Times*, was the first call placed over this $40,000,000 microwave radio relay system which consists of 107 steel and concrete towers, set thirty miles apart between New York and San Francisco. This first call was placed by Mr. H. T. Killingsworth, vice president of American Telephone and Telegraph in charge of long lines. Mr. Killingsworth phoned Mr. Mark Sullivan, president of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company, who happened to be in at the time.

Across $40,000,000 worth of steel and concrete towers set thirty miles apart between New York and San Francisco, Mr. Killingsworth said: "Mark, how are you?"

And across $40,000,000 worth of steel and concrete towers set thirty miles apart between San Francisco and New York, Mr. Sullivan replied: "Hello. It's nice to hear your voice. I'm fine, thank you. And you?"

End of ceremony.

Unaccustomed as Mr. Killingsworth and Mr. Sullivan are to microwave relay speaking, they could surely have come up with something more substantial than that bit of dialogue. Of course they followed a pattern. I believe it was Alexander Graham Bell who first spoke over a telephone and said: "Come here, Watson, I want you." And Sam Morse's first telegraphed message was just as pithy, but his "What hath God wrought?" showed a little thought and preparation. Surely Mr. Killingsworth and Mr. Sullivan had known in advance about this $40,000,000 microwave radio relay system their companies were constructing. Somebody didn't just call them out that morning and say: "See what we've got! A microwave relay system of 107 steel and concrete towers stretching from New York to San Francisco! Say something!"

And even if they weren't prepared, it seems to me they would have marveled a little at this milestone.

"Hello Mark. How are you?"

"What?"

"Hey—Mark! How about this! It really works."

"Hello."

"I can hear you just as plain as if you were in the next room."

"Hello, H. T."

"How do you suppose this thing works, Mark?"

"Yes it has been. But it was worth it."

"Oh pretty good—and you?"

"Hello!"

"Yes, it was worth every cent of the forty million we spent on it. But don't worry about that money. We'll get that back in a year. You see the actors are going to telecast their shows from California now, but the sponsors and the advertising agencies are in New York. They won't be able to hold their conferences like they used to when they were all in New York. They're going to have to call long distance to tell the actors in California what the sponsor in New York didn't like, and how much their ratings have dropped, and stuff like that. So on long distance calls alone after each program we'll more than make up the forty million in one year."

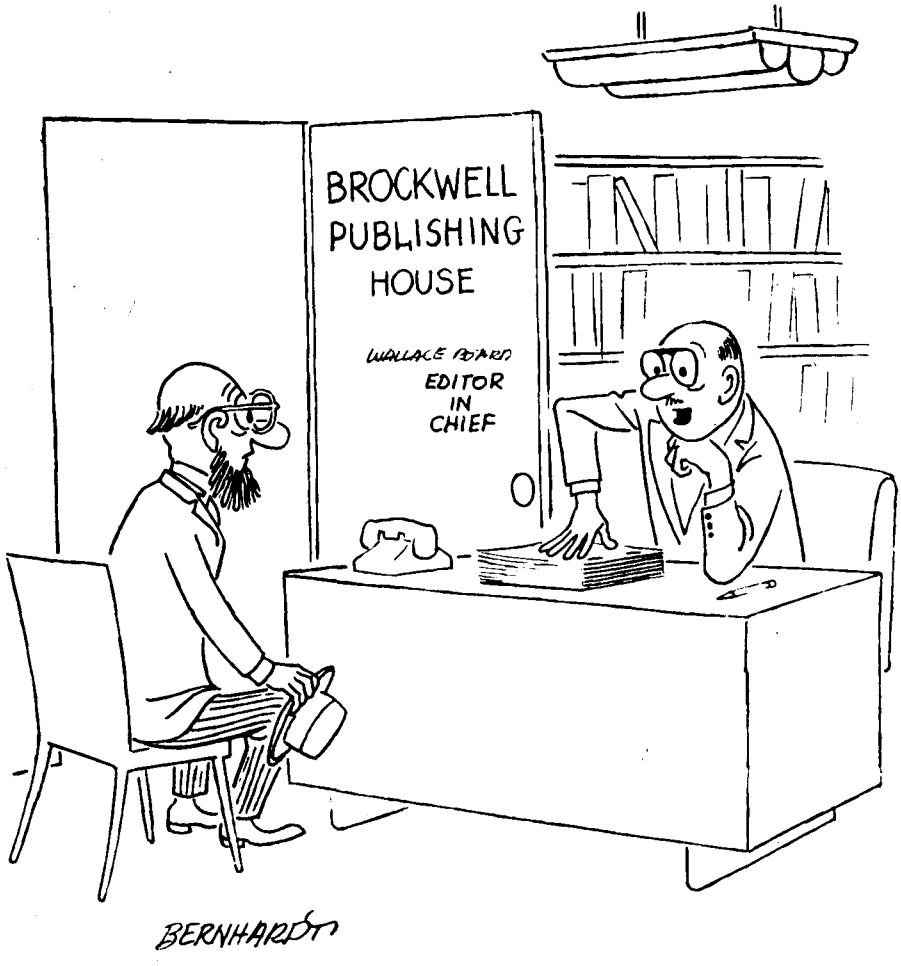
"What?"

"Me too. Goodbye."

"Hello!"

THIS opens up a whole new vista. After the British press did to the Big Show over there what it had hoped Randy Turpin would do to Sugar Ray Robinson over here, I may go in for milestone dialogue writing.

—GOODMAN ACE.



"In publishing 'Libidinal Aspects of Primitive Culture,' Professor Beardsley, we would like to make a slight change in title. What would you think of 'The Passionate Cavewoman'?"

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Music to My Ears

GRECO AND COMPANY—CITY CENTER "DYBBUK"

A KIND OF cultural vacuum that was left by the death of La Argentinita in 1945 has been filled, in part at least, by the Spanish dance company whose billing gives the biggest letters to José Greco. He was himself La Argentinita's last partner, and the influences of her art and personality are evident in the best numbers of this entertainment; however, it is the work of four, or five, or six other people which gladdens the eye and quickens the pulse as only Spanish dance can.

Conspicuous among them are Nila Amparo, a bright eyed ingenue type, whose folk "Jota de Alcaniz" has something of the buoyancy and elegance of La Argentinita's own performance of that dance, and who sings with the sweet kind of Spanish rasp as opposed to the husky intonations of Teresa Maya. This buxom ball of fire makes a shambles of decorum in her "Cante Jondo," as head, torso, and legs seem bent on going in separate directions simultaneously, the while snapping fingers and barking voice put all the senses aquiver. Then there is the seductive Lola de Ronda, dancing insinuatingly to Albéniz's "Rumores de la Caleta," with Juan Morilla. He is one of half a dozen male dancers, of whom Maya's brother Juanele is the particular personification of animal vitality.

These people and their associated guitarist and flamenco singer (Rogelio Reguera and Chico de Madrid) would make an evening with or without Greco, but there is no doubt he makes his presence felt. A tall, lean man with the body of a fencer (and the profile, be it noted, of a Joseph Schildkraut), he glides on and off periodically, always in immaculate costumes—whether as Miller or Grandee—superbly conscious of his own magnetism. With a lesser technique than this he would be a glorified Valentino; but he is cat-like in his pounces (for all the length of leg he must manipulate) and a master of equilibrium. The rather showy "Bolero" and the amiable "Old Madrid" are revue numbers rather than solid Spanish dance, but there is little doubt they will help to carry this company far as well as wide.

* * *

The City Center's place in the scheme of things operatic in New York (and America, too, for that matter) took on a brighter luster with the presentation, for the first time anywhere, of Dimitri Tamkin's setting of Ansky's classical "The Dybbuk." Assembling such people as Irving Pichel (to direct), Mstislav Doboujinsky (to design), and Joseph Rosenstock to conduct a cast including Patricia Neway, Lawrence Winters, Mack Harrell, and Robert Rounseville argues only the best intentions. Here was operatic production on a level that left only one responsibility pending in the pattern of success or failure—the quality of the score itself.

Considering that composers so various as Gershwin and Bloch have been tempted by the magnetism of the subject (and the Italian Rocca has actually done another version), Tamkin may be admired straight off for his courage in daring a subject so dramatically self-sufficient as this. Literature contains few themes more forceful than the one of the Chassidic student whose spirit enters the body of his beloved because she has been betrothed to another; or of a vengeance more dire than that visited on the father of the unfortunate girl because he had violated an old pledge when a more advantageous suitor appeared.

But the measure of a composer's success remains, still, his aggrandizement of the subject he has chosen; and though Tamkin (an Oregonian who finished this score twenty years ago and has been earning a living in Hollywood while waiting for it to be produced) can be admired for probity, for taste, and for unflinching adherence to the artistic implications of his theme, I can't concede that he has created much music that one would want to hear a second time. He has, I think, found himself in a vise created by the closing jaws of the drama's problem—the insidious attraction of the student and the girl about to marry her rich suitor: the music tends to temporize with the situation rather than to become a sure and inevitable part of the relentless process.

When he has a point of dramatic rest, as in the episode of the beggars' outside the wedding feast, or in the prelude to the final scene of contest between the Miripol Rabbi and the Dybbuk who has entered the body of Leah, Tamkin has written well and skilfully; but the high points of the play are carried by speech, not song, as

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in the tremendously forceful dialogue between the rabbi and the deceased father of the Dybbuk, in which the violated agreement is revealed. Here, surely, is the moment when the composer should justify his undertaking by finding a new and heightened value for the words: Tamkin's abdication of responsibility leaves the issue with Ansky, who comes off well enough. But so he would in the theatre too.

Director Pichel has done amazing work with his cast, as Sophie Maslow has done with her direction of the dancers. Though the principals have no memorable music to sing, we commend them without exception for their total immersion in a lore and legend foreign to almost all. It's eminently worth seeing, if somewhat less worth hearing. We only hope it arouses enough interest for the City Center company to afford other enterprises of the kind; maybe even better ones by Tamkin himself.

—Irving Kolodin.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE NOONDAY DEVIL *Ursula Curtiss* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	NY Adman Andrew Sentry learns his brother Nick was killed while PW in Philippines, turned in by ratting buddy. Andy trails proxy-killer around NY, Chi, Mass., endangers health, is in at pinch.	Lone-wolf type of yarn; plausible personnel (mainly white-collarers, m. and f.); good pace and plenty of zing.	Nicely handled
FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF *James Hadley Chase* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Private Investigator Tim Malloy of Orchid City, Cal., offers free services to good Samaritan and encounters hail of bullets, bodies, venal and sadistic cops, reefer peddlers, and fourth richest woman in the world.	Corpse-count 23 (not certified) as we go to press. Active enough to solve problem of perpetual motion.	Wild as they come
DEAD PIGEON *Robert P. Hansen* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	Landlocked mariner Tim Lanigan swaps LA-NY plane ticket to help a stranger and gets tangled in blackmail, mayhem, homicide. Cops, ex-Federal judge, insurance eye, Western sheriff, hero, and gal contribute to solution.	Pace at times breathless to point of confusion; credibility gets an occasional wrench.	Zip-wham-zowie school
THE PAPER CIRCLE *Bruno Fischer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Placid upstate NY community is jolted when two she-corpses turn up, one fresh, one shopworn. Ben Helm, gentle but able shamus, burrows into wartime profiteering mess and comes up with answers.	Personnel authentic; goings-on lively; emotional turbulence extreme.	Easy to take
THE UNDER DOG AND OTHER STORIES *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Nine Hercule Poirot cases, 1923-26 vintage, none ever previously in book form in these parts.	Here are the little gray cells getting oiled up. Hypnosis, insanity, weed-killer, and blood abound.	For auld lang syne
QUEEN'S QUORUM *Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $4)	History of the detective-crime story from Poe forward, with analysis of 106 examples by experts in the field.	Sound reference tool, and a handy reading list if today's offerings pall.	Duck-soup for devotees
THE CASE OF JOSHUA LOCKE *Robert George Dean* (Dutton: $2.50)	DC financier vanishes; backwash of mysterious phone calls keeps Investigator Tony Hunter on qui vive; three die, killer trapped in exciting climax.	No gunplay, no de-toothing, no thugs, no snow-white bosoms; straightforward, competent job.	Good

—Sergeant Cuff.

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NEW EDITIONS

FOR a good many years I was faced by no problem at all whenever I wished to give a book to anyone going on a journey or confined to a hospital bed. I always gave the same book—at least, to those who did not know it already—and the book was Harold Nicolson's "Some People," in the handy little Constable edition. Time and again I gave away my own copy of this minor, composite masterpiece, and replaced it with another. But now I have a copy of "Some People" that I am promising myself I will not give away: the attractive London Folio Society edition, with amusing etchings by Philippe Jullian, imported by Philip Duschnes, New York City ($2.95).

"Some People" is a collecton of portraits framed in a series of deftly, delightfully written anecdotes, composed, Mr. Nicolson assures us, of both fact and fiction. But, however great the admixture of fiction may be, it all reads like fact, for it is all solidly based on the author's experience as a child in embassies at Constantinople, Sofia, and Tangier; as a schoolboy at Wellington College; as a student at Oxford; as an aspirant for Foreign Office honors; and as a rising young diplomatist during the years just before and after the First World War. The "people" of the title are surrounded by figures of indisputable reality: several men who are now the pride of the British Foreign Office are seen in their more or less frolicsome youth, Lord Curzon moves across the stage in all his mature glory, and minor parts are played by such actors as Woodrow Wilson, d'Annunzio, Proust, Mussolini, and Mr. Winston Churchill. Even realer, however, than these "real" persons are the nine to whom Mr. Nicolson has given a measure of immortality: — Miss Plimsoll, the governess who found Baron Carnock's boys at once an inspiration and a trial; Marstock, perfect head of school and football captain; Lambert Orme, who looked more decadent than it was actually possible for anyone to be; the Marquis de Chaumont, who was determined that no false step should bar him from Jockey Club membership; Jeanne de Hénaut, who "believed sincerely that God had granted to her the mission to coach young Englishmen for the Diplomatic Service"; Titty, the Foreign Office misfit; Professor Malone, omniscient journalist; Arketall, who served Lord Curzon briefly—but very briefly—as valet; and Miriam Codd, the indomitable American behaviorist from whom Mr. Nicolson escaped at the Persian frontier. The portraits of all these are drawn with subtle wit and gentle malice; and at the same time the Honorable Harold Nicolson sketches a few lines of his own portrait—for he is one of those who have the gift of being able to look into a mirror with candid amusement.

First published in 1927, "Some People" should win for itself a new generation of readers, and give them glimpses of a world they never knew and can never know.

THE LAST record that we have of Sherlock Holmes's activities dates back to the fateful night of August 2, 1914, when he served his country well by trapping Van Bork, cleverest of all the Kaiser's secret agents. After that —silence. But Holmes is still very much alive in the minds and hearts of an admiring public; and Watson is with him, as always. A Sherlock Holmes museum, on the (disputed) site of 221B Baker Street, is a permanent feature of the Festival of Britain; and the Baker Street Irregulars are still quarreling learnedly among themselves, and still posing new problems for solution. One of the most erudite of the Irregulars, S. C. Roberts, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, has written a sound, entertaining introduction to "Sherlock Holmes: Selected Stories" (Oxford University Press, $1.25), a neat little World's Classics volume that contains such old favorites as "The Sign of the Four," "Silver Blaze," "The Speckled Band," "A Scandal in Bohemia," and "The Red-Headed League," as well as such later tales as "The Empty House" and "His Last Bow." The Master of Pembroke admits that it is easy enough, today, to find faults and absurdities in the Holmes canon; but, like all the faithful, he brushes such fault-findng aside with a cavalier gesture. So—so be it.

Two other new, worthwhile World's Classics ($1.25 each) are Dobson's skilfully fact-packed "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," and Bacon's "The Advancement of Learning and The New Atlantis."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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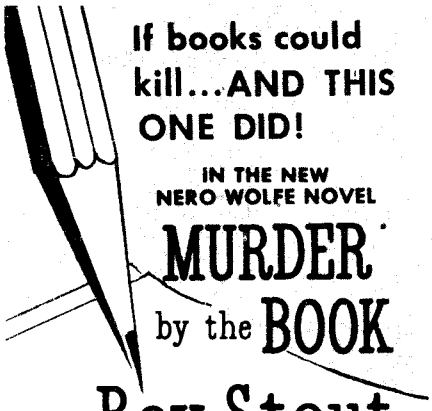

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 21)

his family. This is the story of how it feels to be the mother of the groom, and how Martha Bartlett faced and refuted, among other things, at least two theories—one, the old adage about a daughter's being a daughter all her life, but a son is a son till he takes a wife; and two, that the MOTG is a VUIP (Very Unimportant Person).

When Jim Jr. told his mother in April that he and Betsy Evans wanted to be married in July, Martha's heart beat fast and she felt a choking sensation; but she spoke out bravely over the lump in her throat. "That will be wonderful," she said. "A summer wedding is lovely."

Mrs. Ryan takes her heroine over the hurdles of those three months with understanding and humor and without too seriously bogging down into sentimentality (though the footing does get a little soft once in a while). Naturally enough this book will appeal most to those readers who have themselves been mothers of grooms. Mrs. Ryan is neither as accomplished a writer nor as deft a humorist as is Mr. Streeter, and the comparison is not to her advantage. Also her angle is a more homely and personal one; the comedy or the poignancy depend more on the reader's sympathetic, shall we say "sister feeling," for the chief character than upon any intrinsic or general humor in the situations.

But almost every woman will understand how necessary it was to have the house repapered because the old paper didn't go with the new draperies; and will appreciate the desperate ordeal of shopping for just the right dress and hat to wear to the wedding, and Martha's dismay when she found out that the Mother of the Bride had chosen the same color. And every woman will share Martha's triumph when her friends' gifts made a better showing than the other side's—"the girls" of the Bridge Club gave a solid silver tea service, and Jim Sr.'s Poker Club sent a perfectly beautiful silver tray to go under it.

No "Mom," but the kind of mother who is a Very Important Person indeed, Martha Bartlett comes off very well. "Mother of the Groom" is a pleasant, warm-hearted book about pleasant, folksy people. Their name isn't Bartlett, but Legion. And those who know them (and *are* them) will find Mrs. Ryan's book thoroughly enjoyable.

—SARA HENDERSON HAY.

DOCTOR IN BUCKSKIN. By T. D. Allen. Harper. $3. Dr. Marcus Whitman, the hero of "Doctor in Buckskin," was a pioneer medical missionary about whom there has been some rather heated historical controversy. Previous studies of his career have borne such persuasive titles as: "How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon"; "The Whitman Legend"; "A Reply to Professor Bourne's 'The Whitman Legend' "; "History Versus the Whitman Saved Oregon Story"; and "The Long Suppressed Evidence about Marcus Whitman."

The present work is labeled a novel, and its co-authors have permitted themselves considerable literary license. (T. D. Allen is a portmanteau signature which covers a husband-and-wife collaboration.) Their book follows a thoroughly discredited story, originated by one of Dr. Whitman's pious associates, the Rev. Henry Spaulding.

White settlers, headed by the benevolent John Loughlin, had been living in complete peace with the Indians for almost twenty years before the Whitmans and a party sponsored by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions arrived. Soon hordes of Americans were descending on the Oregon country without a by-your-leave, dispersing the wild game, fencing the range. But there was no real trouble until the hardy pioneers brought in an epidemic of smallpox—which the Allens, for some reason, describe as measles. The authors indicate, too, that the disease spread because the Indians stole infected blankets from a white caravan! Dr. Whitman's knowledge of materia medica seems to have been confined entirely to ipecac and calomel, with which he dosed the hapless Indians indiscriminately.

One day in 1847 a small group of Cayuse braves showed up at the mission and whacked Dr. Whitman and his priggish wife, Narcissa, over the head with tomahawks. It was the signal for white volunteers to start a campaign of extermination. Before this was fully accomplished, however, five Cayuse chiefs gave themselves up to obtain a truce. When one of them was asked, just before they were hanged, why he had surrendered he answered: "Our missionaries teach us Christ die to save his people. So we die to save our people."

"Doctor in Buckskin" bears some dim resemblance to A. B. Guthrie's "The Way West," but it has none of the movement and power that novel has. A more apt comparison would be with one of Cooper's Leatherstocking tales.

—GEORGE MILBURN.

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AMERICANS

(*Continued from page 17*)

las, Breckinridge, Weed, Slidell, Stevens (the very picture of sour vindictiveness). Here are generals of the Union—not many, but they include Winfield Scott, Grant, Sheridan, Hooker, and Sherman (what a fighting face!). Of men of intellect there are several: Francis Lieber, Joseph Henry, Goldwin Smith. Notable among men of good will is good old Peter Cooper.

The camera caught also the orators: Henry Ward Beecher with arms masterfully folded, and the spectacular Anna E. Dickinson. Journalists and publishers are caught: the Harper brothers, Raymond, Greeley (pictorial and striking), Gales and Seaton, Bennett, and Lawrence A. Gobright of the Associated Press (looks like Ephraim Tutt). Antislavery men are here but are hard to lump together: Gerrit Smith (one seldom sees his sternly pious and amply bearded head), Garrison and Phillips, Sumner.

Of literary figures there are less than might have been expected: James Russell Lowell, clear cut in youthful black and white; George William Curtis, combination of Brook Farm, Easy Chair, and civil service reform; Lydia Sigourney, impressive as a Reynolds painting; G. C. Verplanck, who "wrote only when he had something to say"; and, to close the book, Walt Whitman himself in his wide hat and genius suit. Of Brigham Young it can only be said that he is in a class by himself—forceful, dominating, a master of organization, undisputed leader in his sufficient world. The picture shows it. We have also the lighter side: whimsical Artemus Ward (you need no longer wonder why people laughed); the great Patti; Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth of the great dark eyes, Paul Morphy (chess genius), the Wallack family.

Throughout the book there is running comment, with a thumbnail characterization for each Brady face. One by one they are ticked off—or two by two in the case of Garrison and Phillips or the Bateman children. Careful students may not always accept these judgments. They are struck off for popular reading and are effectively written for that purpose.

American Notes

A TIME TO REMEMBER. By Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75. The horse-and-buggy days come to life again in this meandering and nostalgic memoir by the late author of "The Robe." Mr. Douglas, whose dates are 1877-1951, knew poverty and wealth, grew up in the country and lived in cities, and experienced snatches of delightful peace despite three wars. Men troubled him but he never lost faith in mankind: to the end he remained "an incorrigible optimist."

This quality of health, which so endeared his books to millions of readers in search of spiritual security, permeates every page of "A Time to Remember." There is a chuckling buoyancy in his recall, even when he is moved to quarrel with his fellows over politics or parents. His criticisms have manners. He must have won plenty of arguments in his life by not losing his humor.

What will you find in this easy chat about the past? Something of the charm of olden days and ways. Uncles remembered for golden afternoons of fishing along the Wabash. Yellowjackets at a funeral, high-button shoes on the mounting block, fingers in mother's blackberry jam. The perfume of stables seventy years gone, Father (a remarkable man of half a dozen professions) reading to the family from his rocking-chair throne, a professor who hoped God was a Ph.D., stories packing a parabolic punch and featuring everything from hens to Abe Lincoln.

"Verily," writes Mr. Douglas, "the human race is a queer institution, and we live in the wackiest of all possible worlds." That he loved it is apparent from this affectionate memoir and the fact that he died in the midst of plans to write a sequel covering more fully his years as a minister and novelist.

—H. J. KELLEM.

A RAIL SPLITTER FOR PRESIDENT. By Wayne C. Williams. University of Denver Press. $5. Mr. Williams has had an ingenious idea, and he has ingeniously carried it out. He has built Lincoln's campaign for the Presidency (May-November 1860) into a lively narrative into which he has inserted, at appropriate intervals, contemporary comment from more than fifty newspapers — national, provincial, local. The effect is to place the reader in the midstream of events, and to lend the treatment a sort of will-he-make-it suspense. The result is a modest but exciting little contribution to Lincolniana. Mr. Williams dedicates his narrative to his classmates of 1897 at Decatur (Ill.) High School, and it is obviously not without pride that he notes at the climax of his account that "the very first town in the nation to send in returns was Decatur, Illinois." (P. S.: Lincoln carried Decatur.)

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 13*)

hinders action" is a false interpretation of Hamlet's lines, but only that, as a proposition, it is not identical with Hamlet's image. It is false only as any paraphrase or translation is to some extent false. If such criticism is intended to persuade us that Shakespeare was a poet and playwright, not a logician, then it could do so far more simply and economically.

Belles-Lettres Notes

IVOR NOVELLO: Man of the Theatre. By Peter Noble. British Book Centre, New York. $3. On March 5, three hours after the curtain fell on "King's Rhapsody," an operetta which he wrote and produced at the Palace in London, Ivor Novello, one of the most accomplished workers in the West End theatre, died. Mr. Noble's admiring biography, written in the present tense, eschews criticism and, in the light of Noel Coward's foreword, inserted after he had learned of Novello's death, is pretty straightforward eulogy, "celebrating a great man's thirty-five years in the British theatre."

To say "There is nobody in the English-speaking world who has not heard of Ivor Novello" may startle Americans unless they can recall that it was he who, at twenty-one, wrote the British Army's famous World War I marching song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning." It brought him £ 15,000 and launched him on a fabulously successful career as playwright, producer, light comedy and operetta composer, and actor. Although he had acted in films in Italy, France, and for Griffith in this country, London playgoers thought of him chiefly as a facile scorer of amusing revues for Andre Charlot until he produced "The Rat" in 1924, the work of himself and Constance Collier. He was dark, handsome, with a Barrymorean profile, a musical voice, and the panther-like grace of a dancer.

"King's Rhapsody" was Novello's twenty-third play in nearly forty years of versatile theatre work. His Jekyll-and-Hyde characterization of Lord George Hell, the Regency rake, in Clemence Dane's adaptation of Max Beerbohm's "The Happy Hypocrite," brought him an accolade from critic James Agate and led to his triumphant "Henry V," when he was at last accepted as a serious actor. His career and that of his friend, Noel Coward, span a similar range of virtuosity although, except for his limited scope, Coward seems to have had the edge. Noble's book not only highlights the London theatre of the past thirty years but acquaints American readers more thoroughly with one of its gifted interpreters. —RUSSELL RHODES.

SHAKESPEARE: A Survey. By E. K. Chambers. Macmillan. $2.50. Among modern critical studies in Shakespeare and the Elizabethan stage, E. K. Chambers has produced indispensable scholarly material. The essays collected in this reissue of the 1925 edition were written from 1904 to 1908 as prefaces to Shakespeare's plays with the general reader in mind. A rereading of them today proves that intelligent criticism does not date. What is surely the forte of E. K. Chambers's criticism is a sane and urbane middle ground, between, let us say, the extremes of "temperamental" judgments such as those of W. B. Yeats and the explicatory ingenuities undreamed of by Shakespeare which can be found in William Empson's "ambiguities."

In many instances Chambers puts monumental quibbles in their place with unpretentious observations. A good instance is his treatment of "Was Hamlet, at any time and in any sense, really mad?" Among other things, Chambers observes that "Shakespeare did not mean Hamlet to be mad in any sense which would put his actions in a category quite different from that of other men. How could it be so, since the responsibility of the free agent is of the essence of psychological tragedy, and to have eliminated Hamlet's responsibility would have been to divest his story of humanity and leave it meaningless?" Even a random reading of the Chambers essays, from "Henry the Sixth" to "The Tempest," will provide that unique experience of understanding Shakespeare's plays in relation to one another and the elements of development and artistic continuity—an accomplishment achieved by an ideal scholar and critic.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Guinea's, "A Man's a Man for A' That," by Robert Burns. 2. Penny, "A Lady," by Amy Lowell. 3. Pieces of eight, "Treasure Island," by R. L. Stevenson. 4. Gold, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell. 5. Silver, "The Lost Leader," by Robert Browning. 6. Sixpence, from "Mother Goose." 7. Farthing, from the Bible. 8. Dust, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," by Robert Service. 9. Dime, from (as Mr. Holtzman says) a folk song of the depressed Thirties. 10. Dollars, from "Macbeth," by Shakespeare.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
VIOLIN AND PIANO		
Nineteenth century BRAHMS: VIOLIN SONATA #1, OP. 78 ("Rain"). Isaac Stern; Alex. Zakin. Columbia ml 2193	▶ Big, golden recording, the instruments surrounded with magnifying liveness. A fine sound, though piano might be a bit closer in the balance.	The lovely, winningly lyric #1 is done to perfection in this Stern-Zakin playing. If you would graduate from Brahms symphonies — try this! The more familiar, somewhat sterner 3rd Sonata is done again by RCA (last was Heifetz-Kapell, *SRL* Aug. 11); Milstein's tone is softish, a bit rich for this music, Horowitz is too big for the part, seldom subdues himself to teamwork.
BRAHMS: VIOLIN SONATA #3, OP. 108. Milstein; Horowitz. RCA Victor LM 106	▶ Good, too; drier, deader than above, the violin rather thin toned. But piano, aside from weakish bass (better than in past), is excellent, very natural, non-percussive. A definite improvement *chez* RCA.	
BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN SONATA IN C MINOR, OP. 30, #2; RONDO IN G. BRAHMS: SONATENSATZ. Max Rostal; Franz Osborn. London LLP 162	▶ The Remington recording is as good as any of these, though pressed on usual cheaper material (smooth hiss). Excellent piano, violin a bit dull. The London has interesting balance, the violin desirably subdued. Spacious, rather hollow acoustics, the sound not very brilliant. (Note: Better try also the Stern-Zakin and Szigeti-Horszowski LP versions.)	Four not-so-big-name players here. The London team clearly does the best thought-out job, though vl. is quavery. The Remington team is competent, musical, but performance lacks tension and subtlety. London's *Satz* is the vigorous early scherzo from the Schumann-Brahms-Dietrich joint sonata (*SRL* Aug. 11), powerfully played here.
BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN SONATA #10 IN G, OP. 96. Tossy Spivakovsky; Rudolf Firkusny. Columbia ml 4402 (½)	▶ Similar to Columbia's Brahms above, but better-balanced — more piano, less violin. A very nice sound, though trace of distortion in fiddle, here and there.	This last of B.'s sonatas, well beyond the storm and stress of C mi., above, and full of last-period contemplation, is movingly performed here. Beautifully worked out dynamics.
Contemporary PISTON: VIOLIN SONATA (1939). LOPATNIKOFF: VIOLIN SONATA #2 (1948). Joseph Fuchs; Artur Balsam. Decca DL 9541	▶ Two expressive, expert, thoroughly mature works. The Piston technique is a sort of American (French-trained) Hindemith: academic in best sense, skilful at counterpoint, structure, use of dissonance in solid tonal framework—but P. is far more personally introspective, intense. Lopatnikoff, with a more glib technique, an ex-Russian, writes a more fluent academic style with leftover traces of coloristic harmony, a faintly Russian style suggesting Prokofieff in spots. Excellent recording, like Columbia's Brahms above but more open, sharper-defined.	
IVES: VIOLIN SONATA #2 (1903). SESSIONS: DUO FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO. Patricia Travers; Otto Herz. Columbia ml 2169	▶ Strange pair—Ives possibly intended to sell Sessions! The Ives compasses his chief preoccupations—"Autumn," "Barn Dance," "Revival"; stylistically a less conglomerate work, with more consistent expressiveness than much Ives, plus the now conventional dissonance, folkishness, so extraordinary in 1903. The Sessions is a major work in his accustomed ultra-intense, concentrated, uncompromising style; not easy listening but immensely aided by superb recording and by Travers's easy, comprehending performance.	
For the hi-fi outfit RAVEL: "DAPHNIS ET CHLOE," SUITE #2. RAVEL: "LA VALSE." INR Symphony Orch., Franz André. Capitol L-8145	▶ A first-rate performance of "La Valse" in an unusual recording is the feature of this disc. (The music will come through on any machine.) Capitol, not uniformly noted for top recording, has issued an INR-André series of French music, beautifully performed, each technically better than the last; this "La Valse" gets in the top bracket, in spite of some doubtful transients in the low end. Solid, wide-open highs, tape-clear, natural and unforced, a big, thumping bass (not so good on ultra-low range speakers), a dynamic range and clarity of microphoning to encompass even the tremendous sounds of this noisy work. Acoustically a bit dry—no golden haze here—but the music can take it, and myriad inner details are that much clearer. I'd choose it over Reiner's ultra-taut one (with cleaner bass). Cf. Ansermet's London LLP 22.	

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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AUTUMN COLOR

EARLY FROST had touched the trees before this reviewer left the Maine woods. But the red and gold that showed here and there through the green could hardly compete with the color in the new children's books. Their beauty and variety is bewildering! Seeing them piled up on shelves and tables and even on the floor of a New York penthouse is quite an experience. It is evident already that the stories, for both the older boys and girls and the younger group, lead the gay procession. Many of them are by already recognized writers, some by promising new ones. This is true, too, of the picture books. Artists like Marcia Brown, Katherine Milhous, Leo Politi, Louis Slobodkin, Bettina, the Haders, and Valenti Angelo have reached a "high point" in their work this year. Valenti Angelo, as both author and artist, has done an outstanding piece of work. The excitement of looking at the new books "en masse" is almost too much for this reviewer. We will try to present them in a calm and logical manner for the Book Week number next month.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

PATRICK AND THE GOLDEN SLIPPERS. By Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. $2.

Katherine Milhous won the Caldecott Medal for 1950 with her "The Egg Tree." In this, too, the theme is built on a tradition—the Mummers' Parade in Philadelphia on New Year's Day. Patrick's father could not play in the Brotherly Love String Band this year because he hadn't money enough to pay for his costume. So Patrick made up his mind to be a mascot. He thought about it for hours, sitting on an ashcan in the alley with his dog Shooter. Then he went to the headquarters of the Band and worked for days painting their Mummers shoes with gilt paint. For this they made him a costume—but Patrick forgot to gild his own shoes. When the great day came he was late for the parade. In a rapidly accelerating pace text and pictures, many of them in color, follow Patrick's mad dash through the streets crowded with the fantastic figures of the Parade as he rushes for his shoes and his costume and marches at the head of the Brotherly Love Band. This is a picture book of enduring value to young Americans.

DINNY AND DANNY. By Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Macmillan Co. No paging. $2.

This is quite a surprise—this new picture book of Louis Slobodkin's. Who would think of having a young dinosaur the hero of a picture book story? Dinny was a very young dinosaur belonging to the species of dinosaurs that ate leaves and tender plants rather than animal food. One day Dinny was caught in the sticky mud of a treacherous swamp and was sinking deeper and deeper when he was saved by Danny, the young son of a primitive man. Thus began a long and loyal friendship. Then a huge glacier nearby melted and the meadow where the dinosaur family lived was flooded. When the water rose so high that it threatened to engulf the cave where Danny lived with his father and mother Dinny became the rescuer. On Dinny's broad head Danny, his father, and his mother rode to a safe dry place where they settled down in another cave. The dinosaur family moved away but Danny never forgot the young dinosaur. In fact, he carved a picture of him on a large rock which you may see today—if you want to go and find it. Mr. Slobodkin has given Dinny a peculiarly attractive expression. As you turn the pages a lively affection for him takes possession of you. This is a book that belongs on the shelves with "Magic Michael" and "The Adventures of Arab."

—From "Patrick and the Golden Slippers."

IRISH RED, SON OF BIG RED. By Jim Kjelgaard. New York: Holiday House. 224 pp. $2.50.

In the opinion of this reviewer Jim Kjelgaard's "Big Red" was one of the best dog stories since "Bob, Son of Battle." This is a sequel, the story of Big Red's son Mike. Mike was a rebel: full of vitality, strong and "curious as a bird dog," Mike refused to conform. Danny Pickett, who had trained Big Red, almost gave Mike up. But Ross, Danny's father, knew that an Irish setter can be trained in only one way. He must work for love of the hunt and of his master. So both Danny and Mike earned a lesson in this absorbing story of a boy, a dog, and a wise man. The setting is the wild forest region of the Wintapi. The frontispiece is a drawing in black and white of the beautiful, rebellious Irish setter who is the hero of the story.

VENTURE WEST. By Richard Watkins. Illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 238 pp. $2.75.

Ralph and Dan Washburn, cousins, had a common ancestor who in the days of the Gold Rush left his companions and went off into the desert with the money in an old sea-chest to buy a ship in San Francisco and sail it home to Connecticut. This is the modern story of Dan's adventures when he went West to recover the chest and find out, if he could, why Caleb deserted his group and went off alone. Dan and his friend Fergus Hackett started for the West in an old automobile which proved to be slightly erratic but in many ways dependable. Ralph, determined to get the chest first, went alone in a stylish yellow convertible, but picked up a "hitch hiker" who proved to be a cheap, smooth-talking shyster. Throughout the long trip the behavior of the boys' jalopy is a source of unending humor to the reader. It calls for a good deal of inventiveness on their part. The ship is complicated by the sly behavior of Myron Kane, the hitch hiker, who is sure that the chest contains a rich treasure and is determined to get it for himself. Finally, in a tense, exciting scene Dan and Fergus drive the jalopy through a flash flood in a

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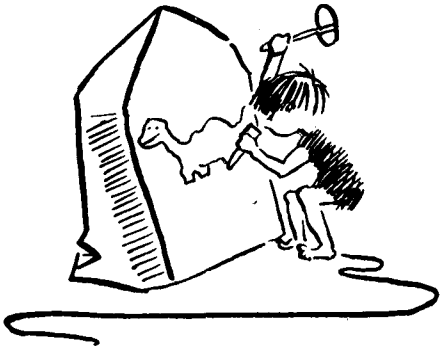
canyon, rescue Ralph, and get the chest, the money, and an old letter written by Caleb that completely exonerates him. The two boys, Dan and Fergus, are particularly well drawn, and Kane, as the villain, is not overdrawn. This is a very good adventure story for older boys and girls.

ISLAND GIRL. By Ada Claire Darby. Illustrated by Jane Castle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 224 pp. $2.75.

This is the first book that we have had from Ada Claire Darby for a number of years and is the best of her stories. The time is 1773 when the first "rumbles" against the English rule were heard in the American Colonies. The scene is an island off the coast of North Carolina and the little town in the Province that was the seat of the Governor. There is vitality and freshness in the story of Carolina Leigh who lived on the island with her grandmother, getting involved with escaped bond servants, riding her wild island pony, trying to be a strong support to her Grandma'am whom she dearly loved. Grandma'am's youngest son, Uncle Haniel, lived at New Bern on the mainland and, after Carolina's encounter with the bond servants, he insisted upon their going to New Bern to live with him. Carolina's adjustment to the more sophisticated life on the mainland, her eager curiosity about the Governor and his family, the mounting excitement as the feeling against English authority reaches its climax is built up skilfully to the scene when Carolina carried the vital message to the patriots and the Governor was forced to leave New Bern. Carolina is a lovable young person, and Grandma'am is an unusual character, strong and very individualistic. The historical background is sketched in lightly, but it succeeds in giving a convincing picture of the early days of the United States.

THE SEA GULLS WOKE ME. By Mary Stolz. New York: Harper & Bros. 256 pp. $2.50.

This new story by an outstanding writer for older girls records the mental and physical development of poise and self-confidence in an unusually interesting and well-drawn character Jean Campbell. Jean was an only child and her mother was a very possessive woman. Partly because of this it was difficult for Jean to establish the usual social relationships in elementary and high-school. Then an uncle and aunt, who had a small hotel on an island off the coast of Maine, asked her to spend the summer with them, work-



—From "Dinny and Danny."

ing with the college students in the hotel dining room and kitchen. There on this northern island, described with love and understanding by Mary Stolz, Jean learned to free her own personality. The first step was a funny and in a way pathetic one. Before she took the State of Maine Express, Jean went to a beauty salon and had her long, thick hair cut to a becoming bob. It was symbolic of her release from her mother's long struggle to keep her a dependent little girl. On the train she met a Princeton student, and Jean's first sense of power came when this boy appeared on the island deliberately seeking her. But it was an entirely different kind of boy that Jean learned to trust and love—Max, with his quiet humor, tolerance, and understanding. Weaving in and out of Jean's story is the story of Mona, an older girl who was deeply involved with a young writer on the island who had published one fairly successful novel and was an "expert" in modern self-analysis and pessimism. The impact of these people on Jean, the gradual growth of her faith in herself, her unfettered delight in the beauty of the island are developed with great skill. The island people are beautifully drawn. Clayton Chabot especially is characteristic of the man of Maine who is completely independent in thought and action and yet wise in his knowledge of the "outlanders" who come and go through a Maine summer. Mona, as a character, is a bit too complicated; Jean we know and understand well. The story is, however, intensely interesting.

WASA-WASA: A Tale of Trails and Treasure in the Far North. By Harry Macfie with Hans G. Westerlund. Translated from the Swedish by F. H. Lyon. New York: W. W. Norton Co. 288 pp. $3.

Published as an adult book this will surely be claimed by the older boys and girls. Although he traces his descent from an old Scottish family, the author is a Swede. Hans Westerlund met him in Sweden, where he is a pro-

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ducer of Canadian canoes, and persuaded him to make this record of his adventures in Canada and Alaska in the early years of the Gold Rush. It is a record of extraordinary courage, of indifference to danger and discomfort, of a curious sensitiveness to the strange, dramatic beauty of the Far North. Sam Kilburn, an Englishman of Scottish descent, went with Macfie. The story of their friendship, their loyalty to one another is a part of this saga. And it is a saga. Like John Buchan's "Mountain Meadow" it is far more than an adventure. Indians and Eskimos, the rough men, good and bad, who took part in the Gold Rush enter into it. But the impression it leaves is of a world where Nature is relentless, where the courage and skill of two men are pitted against forces greater than themselves.

Whether or not it is due to the translator or to Mr. Macfie himself, the wording of the story has an almost poetical beauty. One is always conscious of the background and the narrator's sensitiveness to it. The chapter called "Amik, Little Beaver" is a tender and moving love story. Wasa-Wasa is an Indian word for "far away," a perfect title for an unusual and distinguished story — a "true story" of adventure.

TROUBLE ON OLD SMOKY. By Catherine Blanton. Illustrated by Anne Merriman Peck. New York: Whittlesey House. 142 *pp.* $2.25.

This story of a boy in the Great Smoky Mountains who wanted to go to school and be a doctor has the authentic touch. Sunny Anderson's house, in the family for generations, stood on land that now belonged to the National Park. Robin, Sunny's father, resented the strict Park rules and the influx of "outlanders." Sara, Sunny's mother, was a tolerant, gentle woman who suffered from arthritis. When Robin shot the big bear that had killed Sunny's dog and might have killed Sunny, fear entered the little household—fear that the Park authorities would take the land away from them. It was Sonny who saved their home by finding and protecting Dr. Metcalf's little girl when she was lost on the mountain. Because the bear had threatened the children the Commissioner overlooked Robin's defiance of the Park rules, and the story ends happily with the return to his family of the older son, a successful singer of local folk songs on the radio. It is a simple, believable story. Its strength lies in the true picture that it gives of the mountain people, especially of Sunny and his mother. It is well illustrated with black and white drawings.

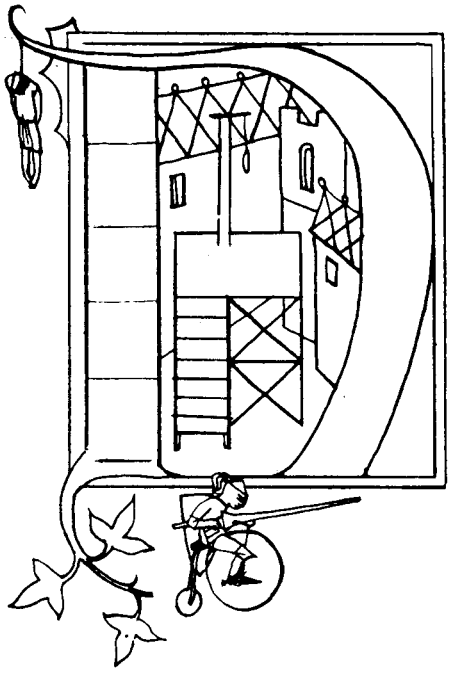
HERO OF THE GREAT KNOW-HOW

(*Continued from page* 8)

fense by electricity, train peasants technologically until they can make anything for anyone, meet any emergency, whether a broken bridge, an unpenetrable jungle, or a pestilence, by a know-how that only they possess —and the world is made safe for democracy, Europe reorganized, and all by a few workers and executives out of Hartford. Afterward—well, that was not Mark's business.

The Boss's great plan was wrecked by a moral breakdown at home. He did not know what to do about Launcelot and Guinevere. Morals and morale, which are at least as important as know-how, he had neglected in his idea of progress, with other things quite as important. It was typical of the Tom Sawyer in Mark. And Mark himself was really a humanitarian not a reformer, and most of all a novelist. His job was to create what Walt Whitman called an eidolon, an imaginative type which men could imitate, and make it true and prophetic. He had created in the Boss an eidolon a half century before this machine-age man became triumphant in history in two great wars. Once a slave, the common man is armed with the terrible by-products of science. He is irresistible —yet still the comman man!

I have kept in mind in this description the phraseology of the correspondents of the last war as they wrote of the extraordinary ingenuity, the know-how of the American G.I., wondered at throughout all the armies —and have not forgotten the failures



of the same type of mind in handling the greater complications of peace. I have no intentions, however, of pushing the analogy too far. It is enough to say that Mark, who was neither a sociologist nor a philosopher, was writing prophetically, nevertheless, of obvious aspects of what proved to be the near future, and particularly of Americans. This is why we youngsters brought up in the American tradition of success read the "Yankee" like a dime novel of whites and Indians when the kind of fellow we saw every day became the Boss by using just the kind of science we were being taught at school; organized an underground; and proceeded to enforce civilization. It was as powerful a medicine as Dickens's warm hearts, and much more timely. For Mark, without knowing it, had found a hero (the Great Know-How) for the Industrial Revolution. And the Boss's imitators are enlisting in millions in high-schools and colleges today—to the alarm of humanists, philosophers, and historians.

"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE in King Arthur's Court" is in some ways the most American of Mark Twain's books. Yet it makes a cartoon of both Jeffersonian democracy and the Age of Chivalry, a cartoon with the deadly truth of a comic strip. The Yankee of the Industrial Revolution has somehow lost his sense of the dignity of man on the way up through the great New World experiment. He has kept pity and courage and a passion for human rights. But his formula for making a perfect democracy has shifted to the centers of the brain which control only the hands and the eyes. He proposes to make democracy safe by gadgets. As a result he is brash, if not quite so brash now as in Mark's wild west; and he has brought with him the manifestations of history, a sense of superiority, which is curious because it is neither arrogant, nor predatory, but sprung from his technical efficiency, and based on extreme self-confidence, and not much self-knowledge. The reader feels sympathy with Henry James and his passion for the "refinement" of culture (and religion) when Mark hangs signboards of consumers' goods on the towers of Camelot and the spires of the cathedrals.

This is no fantasy. The Soviet dictatorship with far greater political and scientific efficiency than the Boss possessed is quite as brash, and in a

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much more dangerous fashion. It is providing the common man not only with the tools and a political idea, but with their own brand of pseudo-religion and their carefully controlled culture. The police state is a gadget state also, and in its mechanical ideology is closer to the Industrial Revolution than is old-fashioned agrarian democracy.

But if the Boss was politically naive, so, on a long term and in all probability, is the Politburo, which expects to build a thousand years on a harsh dogmatism. The Boss is far more human than the present leaders of the Russians, in the sense that our ancestors of the West have given the word for so many centuries—more humorous, more humanitarian, more conscious of the rights and needs of the individual. It is encouraging to know that for many decades "Huckleberry Finn" has been a widely read book, if not by Stalin, by the masses in Russia. And certainly the Boss is a far more engaging figure than any that Russian literature has produced since the overthrow of Russian feudalism. He is the prototype of the skilled laborer with brains as hands, the applier of science who has made his country for the time being the most powerful in the world, although not necessarily, or probably, the wisest.

I will go to any length to set up Mark Twain as that rare phenomenon —an unquestionable genius, as lovable as he was neurotic, as powerful in imagination as he was uncontrolled in art. I do not for an instant propose him in this article as another Jefferson or Marx. But he could make a man (not a woman) into what Shakespeare called an epitome, and make him a living document that both proves and in a real sense shapes history. I shall be accused by some of taking the humor out of a humorist. Well, Mark himself often wished in later years that he was not so irresistibly funny. He wanted to be regarded as a serious person, which at bottom he certainly was, and forgot that humor is one of the best ways of describing a society without analyzing the life out of it. We young readers had the damosel Sandy to amuse us—Sandy who was so bemused by what she had been told was true that she could see an enchanted princess in what the Boss knew was a pig, who once she began a story could not be stopped except when she had to slosh out her knight errant's helmet with cool spring water to keep his brains from frying. But we did not miss the triumphant Yankee with a gadget in his hand (and a bulldozer in his mind) that warmed us to a country so inventive, so successful as ours, and so easily understood by a boy.

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(Continued from page 41)

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PROFESSIONAL MISS whose hobbies are photography, writing, travel, music, of Mexico and Central America, desires correspondence. Box 176-J.

LIBRARIAN, experienced, sense of humor, desires interesting position NYC area. Box 182-J.

WOULD mature male write to professional lady, educated, sincere, friendly? Box 183-J.

LADY, educated, cultivated, responsible, with aptitude for the arts and skills of home care (supervisory, not manual), liking a quiet life but interested in people, books, and music, accustomed to the direction of servants, would like to take charge of home for absentee or preoccupied owner. Preferably, but not necessarily, in the vicinity of Richmond or Charlottesville, Virginia, or Washington, D. C. Beautiful surroundings and maintenance primary *concern, plus what salary would seem commensurate* to her usefulness. References exchanged. Box 177-J.

GUEST HOUSE of country estate overlooking spectacular Kentucky mountains. 2 rooms, furnace, housekeeping equipment, $60 monthly. Perfect for seclusion and inspiration. Box 178-J.

YOUNG GAL, *single, college, 2 years' secretarial ex*perience, would like to find interesting work in NYC. Box 179-J.

MALE, professional, young, would assist director, producer, without remuneration, evenings. Box 180-J.

POET would write woman: loving solitude, nature; freethinking, iconoclastic, socialistic, cityphobic, bookish, creative; poet, writer, artist, thinker, musician. Box 181-J.

SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. EZ longhand system. $1 returnable. Zinman, 215 West 91 St., NYC 24.

EXPERIENCED young secretary, serene disposition, wishes position California, or suggestions re obtaining such. Box 167-J.

THE LOWLIEST STENOGRAPHER and an assistant to the President of the U. S. have something in common—each calls herself a "Secretary." I am not as competent as the latter, but then, *I'll start at $75.* Box 160-J.

ABROAD AT HOME. Why cross the ocean to enjoy international atmosphere and cuisine? American comfort—foreign culture. Combine sports with opportunity for language, art, music, social studies. Experienced continental leaders. Write ELAN, 1458 Third Ave., NYC.

FEMININE CORRESPONDENCE sought by young newspaperman. Box 909-H.

RENT furnished beautiful home, Chihuahua, Mexico. 4 bedrooms. 3 baths. 10 acres. Ideal for writers. Write: NORMA CROZE, Santa Maria del Oro, Durango, Mexico.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $7, *doubles from $6.50 to $12; special weekly rates.* Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17; ELdorado 5-7300.

CUSTOM-MADE MILLINERY. Chic originals. Your pet hat remodeled. RUTH, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC, Suite 31. ORegon 5-2598.

B.A., M.A., Ph.B., degrees by home study. Previous credits recognized. Undergraduate and graduate studies. Registrar, FREMONT COLLEGE. State Chartered. Santa Fe, New Mexico.

GET PERSONALIZED STATIONERY, with pen-and-ink sketch of your house, doorway, boat, etc. Custom-made greeting folders is another one of my unique specialties. Glad to send samples of entire line for 10¢ to partially cover mailing costs, etc. Will be credited on order. Write TIFFT, 282 Tifft Road, Dover, New Hampshire.

NURSE — HOMEMAKER, experienced, reliable, cheerful, for twin boys 7 months, girl 3 years. Mother ill. Long term position. Pleasant home in NYC. Give full qualifications, references, salary. Box 143-J.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hote's. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense weekends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

YOUNG MATURE WOMAN invites correspondence with gentleman. Box 102-J.

CREATIVE-MINDED VETERAN desires to work with like-minded people. College graduate, 28, slightly experienced in journalism, wide general experience. Box 103-J.

THRIFT-MINDED advertising women need 2 rooms Nov. 1. East midtown. Best references. NYC, TEmpleton 8-1957.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering weekend rates for Friday and Saturday (2 nights), single room and bath, $11.50; double room and bath, $17; sitting room, bedroom and bath, $22. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance better shops and theatres.

YOUNG MAN, able but not brilliant stenographer, no other qualifications, seeks job in San Francisco. Box 163-J.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, interested dancing, golf, travel, wishes correspondence with lady having similar interests. Box 940-H.

SENSITIVE YOUNG MAN invites joyous but sincere correspondence. Box 100-J.

WANT TO INVEST *ability and cash in small busi*ness, as partner or active investor. Connecticut or NYC. (Adult, executive woman.) Write Box 141-J.

FOR SALE: 10 acres on hilltop, broad view over Hudson, 3½ miles from Ossining. Comfortable year-round house remodeled by architect owner. Electric kitchen, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, high studio; plus maid's rooms, bath; 2-car garage. KOBOLD, Glendale Road, Ossining, N. Y.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday *Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.*

YOUNG COLLEGE GRADUATE, Oxford M.A., seeks absorbing work literary or allied field. Experienced. Willing travel. Box 168-J.

WANTED: LYRICIST, PROFESSIONAL. Collaborate with composer. No advance royalties. Submit resume, not lyrics. Box 169-J.

DREAMY ARTIST wishes to hear from girl of his dreams. Box 170-J.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, European, humorous, discriminating but tolerant, invites correspondence from mature man of culture and integrity. Box 171-J.

WOULD a mature male liberal, wih a sense of humor, correspond? Box 172-J.

APARTMENT HUNTERS! Join the "Village" vanguard now moving to fashionable Brooklyn Heights. New, elevator building at 70 Clark St., opposite St. George Hotel, 5 minutes N. Y., welcomes you. Spacious 1½ to 2 rooms, furnished, unfurnished. NYC, PLaza 7-2191.

90'S EAST, attractive 3-rooms, unfurnished. $125 month, Mrs. Detmold, NYC, ELdorado 5-1927.

DON'T SHOOT that problem child! Your solution may be our individual, personalized course for 8-12 year olds. 6-week program. Send for detailed information. FAIRHOPE EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION, Fairhope 2, Alabama.

MAIL ME BROKEN JEWELRY, watches, silver, dental gold. Unless you are pleased with payment, your package returned. E. N. KELLOGG, 1103 East Dallas Road, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

AVERAGE MAN, not a paragon, desires female correspondents. Box 202-J.

TOLERANT, understanding, sympathetic guy invites interesting feminine correspondence. Box 203-J.

PROFESSIONAL LADY of charm and accomplishment seeks correspondence with able, amiable, middle-aged gentleman, preferably professional, who appreciates both city and country living. Box 204-J.

SECRETARY, female. Extensive experience as private secretary, administrative assistant, office manager, educational, civic work. Interested in position requiring *initiative and responsibility, any location offer*ing opportunity. Presently available. Box 206-J.

WANTED: Will pay $5 for a copy of Harold Lamb's "The March of the Barbarians." Write before sending book, to make sure I haven't already obtained a copy. Harrison Smith, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

WILL intelligent, non-intellectual Miss write lonely professional man on any subject? Box 208-J.

INTELLECTUAL young man, scholar, writer, gentleman, wants letters. Box 209-J.

VACATIONS

AUTUMN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Blazing foilage. The Mastertons. Brandon, Vermont.

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

NAIDNI ON LAKE DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Unusual simplicity, good food, boating, fishing, swimming, beautiful walks. No planned entertainment.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. *Pennsylvania Route 926. Excellent meals. Pleasant* rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker School campus. Reservations by week or month the year around. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pa.

DIFFERENT VACATION? Thanksgiving in the tropics, 7 hours air from New York. Old plantation house. Reasonable Rates. CRUZANA CLUB, St. Croix, American Virgin Islands.

ARIZONA—Completely furnished 2-bedroom home for rent. Near Oak Creek Canyon. Fireplace. Telephone. Also: Secluded, small housekeeping guest cottage, separate driveway. BUBBLING POND RANCH, Cornville.

FALL VACATION VERMONT? Hillside farm, quiet, unpretentious living. Excellent place to write, paint, rest. Write to Mary Gibson, SKY HOLLOW FARM, Rochester, Vt.

DIFFERENT VACATION for hard-earned dough. Potbellying food. Tropical island. Practically nothing to do. Send for catalogue typical INactivities. PHIL DeGRAFF, *Sea Grape Island Lodge*, Bokeelia, Florida.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 917

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

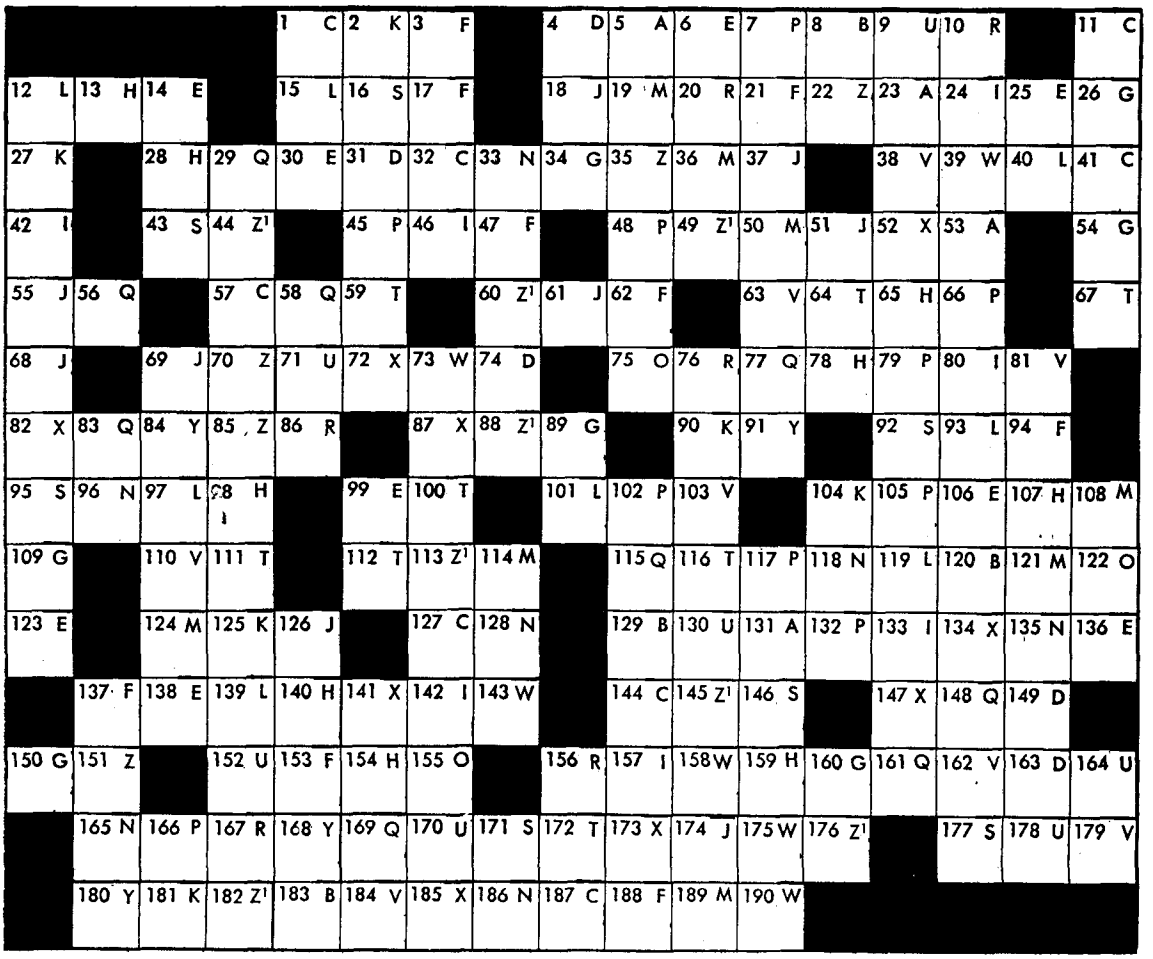
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English judge of whom Justice Shallow in "Merry Wives of Windsor" is said to be a caricature.	23 5 53 131
B. A size of type (print.).	129 120 183 8
C. English founder of London's first department store (1831-1907).	144 1 127 187 32 11 41 57
D. To brood over.	74 4 31 149 163
E. "Commission," created 1877, to determine votes of certain states in Presidential election of 1876.	30 136 14 138 6 99 25 106 123
F. Faulty interpretation of a text, as of the Bible, by reading into it one's own ideas.	94 188 3 62 21 47 17 153 137
G. Character in "A Winter's Tale."	26 54 150 160 34 89 109
H. Radiant.	140 13 65 28 78 154 159 107 98
I. Name of three kings of England.	80 133 142 46 24 42 157
J. A person without stamina; a medusa.	69 126 37 51 55 68 174 18 61
K. Calypso's island in "The Odyssey".	90 104 27 125 2 181
L. Plateau in NW Arizona.	119 93 12 40 15 139 101 97
M. To sit on eggs, as a bird does in hatching.	19 189 121 36 50 124 108 114

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Husband of Sapphira (Bib.).	96 33 186 128 165 135 118
O. The third eyelid, or nictitating membrane, of animals, esp. when inflamed (veter.).	155 122 75
P. Province of Prussia embracing the Ruhr.	7 66 132 45 48 102 79 166 105 117
Q. Harsh, rough, stormy, esp. of weather.	83 148 115 77 56 169 58 29 161
R. Baseball commissioner who preceded Chandler, 1920-44.	167 156 20 10 76 86
S. A trainer of gladiators (Roman antiq.).	95 16 171 43 146 92 177
T. Melancholy; sad (Italian music direction).	172 100 111 116 64 112 59 67
U. Applied to Romanesque architecture of Rhine Valley.	9 130 164 178 170 71 152
V. Growing softer; dying away (Italian music direction).	81 184 63 162 103 38 179 110
W. City in which the old League of Nations buildings are.	190 143 175 39 158 73
X. With (one's) identity concealed.	52 185 134 87 82 141 72 173 147
Y. Unbranded bull, cow, or steer hide weighing 45-60 lbs.	84 168 180 91
Z. Bass singer of comic roles in opera.	85 22 35 151 70
Z. Province in China with highest density of population (1936).	182 113 145 44 60 49 88 176

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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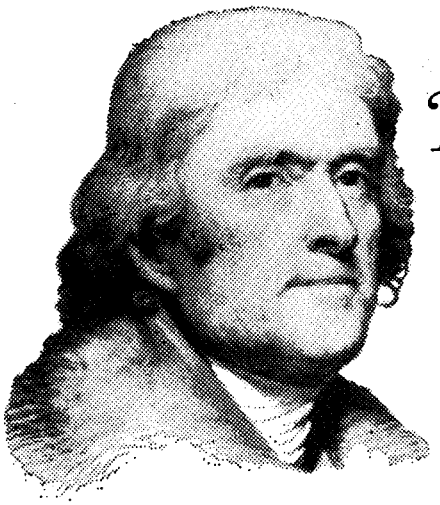

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